WILD BOY

Secret of the Tomb . . . JOURNEY OF THE DEAD

10c

WILD BOY

ANC

A ZIFF-DAVIS COMIC

Monster of the Deep . . .
GIFT OF THE JUNGLE GODS

No. 7 Aug.–Sept.

Lure of the Jungle . . .
The True Story of
HENRY MORTON STANLEY

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
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Strange Mysteries
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THEY MEAN

FUN——ADVENTURE

EXCITEMENT—THRILLS

AND

WHOLESOME READING

FOR THE

ENTIRE FAMILY

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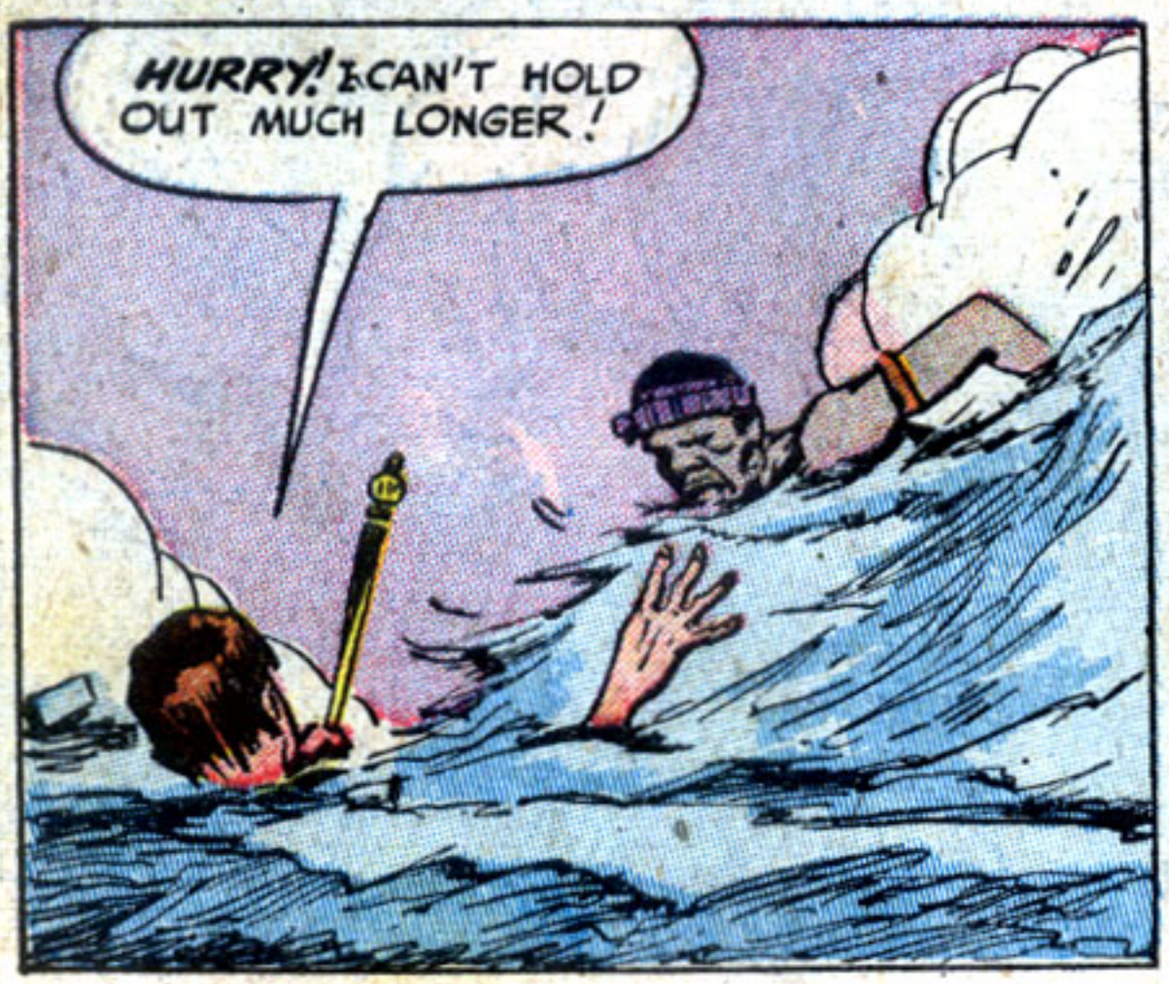
WILD BOY in GIFT of the JUNGLE GODS

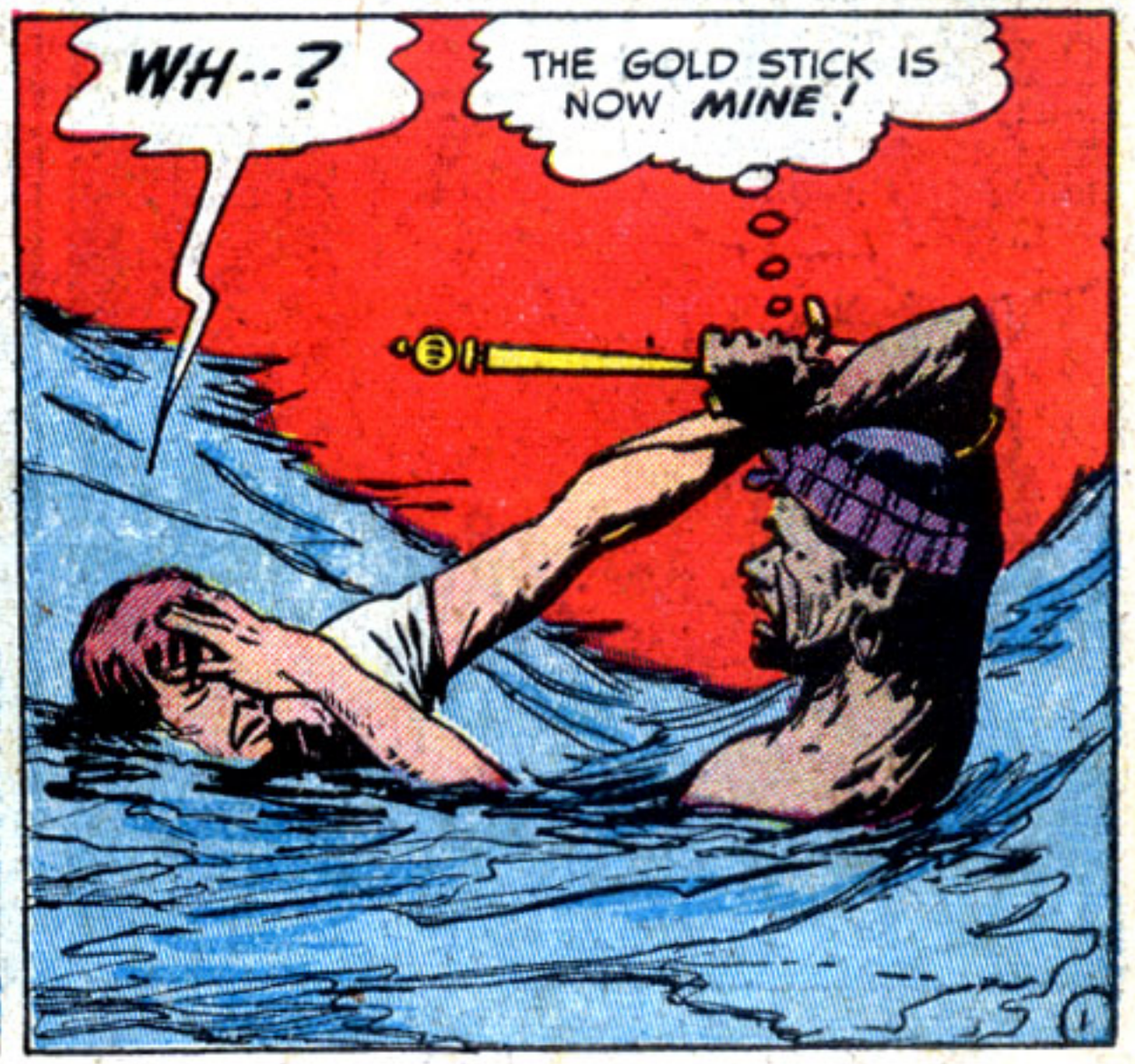
OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA, WALTON'S WANDERING CIRCUS SHIP SMASHES AGAINST A ROCKY REEF IN THE RAGING SEA! THE CREW STRUGGLES IN THE CHURNING WATERS AS TWAGU, A NATIVE FISHERMAN, PLUNGES INTO THE OCEAN ...

WALTON'S WANDERING CIRCUS

HELP! HELP!

WILD BOY





AND AS TWAGU REACHES THE SHORE...

AH! I HAVE THE GOLDEN STICK, AND — ***AIIEEE!*** WHAT IS THIS STRANGE CREATURE? IT CAME OUT OF THE SEA! I'D BETTER WARN THE VILLAGE!

AS TWAGU HURRIES TOWARD HIS VILLAGE, HE NOTICES A STRANGE CARVED FREIZE ON AN ANCIENT TEMPLE...

THE SEA MONSTER! THE SAME AS THE STRANGE ONE ON SHORE! PERHAPS IT IS A ***SIGN!***

SOON, AT THE VILLAGE...

LISTEN, MY PEOPLE, THE GODS FAVOR TWAGU! THIS GOLD STAFF IS MY PROOF!

STOP YOUR FOOLISH DREAMING, TWAGU!

THE GODS ***DO*** FAVOR ME! THEY HAVE TOLD ME THAT AT DUSK, ***A SEA MONSTER,*** LIKE THE ONE ON THE OLD TEMPLE WALL, WILL BE SEEN NEAR THE VILLAGE LAGOON!

HA! TWAGU IS SICK IN THE HEAD! NO SUCH CREATURE EXISTS!

ALL RIGHT, TWAGU! WE WILL GO—JUST TO STOP YOUR BRAGGING TONGUE!

AT DUSK...

LOOK! TWAGU WAS RIGHT!

THE ***SEA MONSTER!***

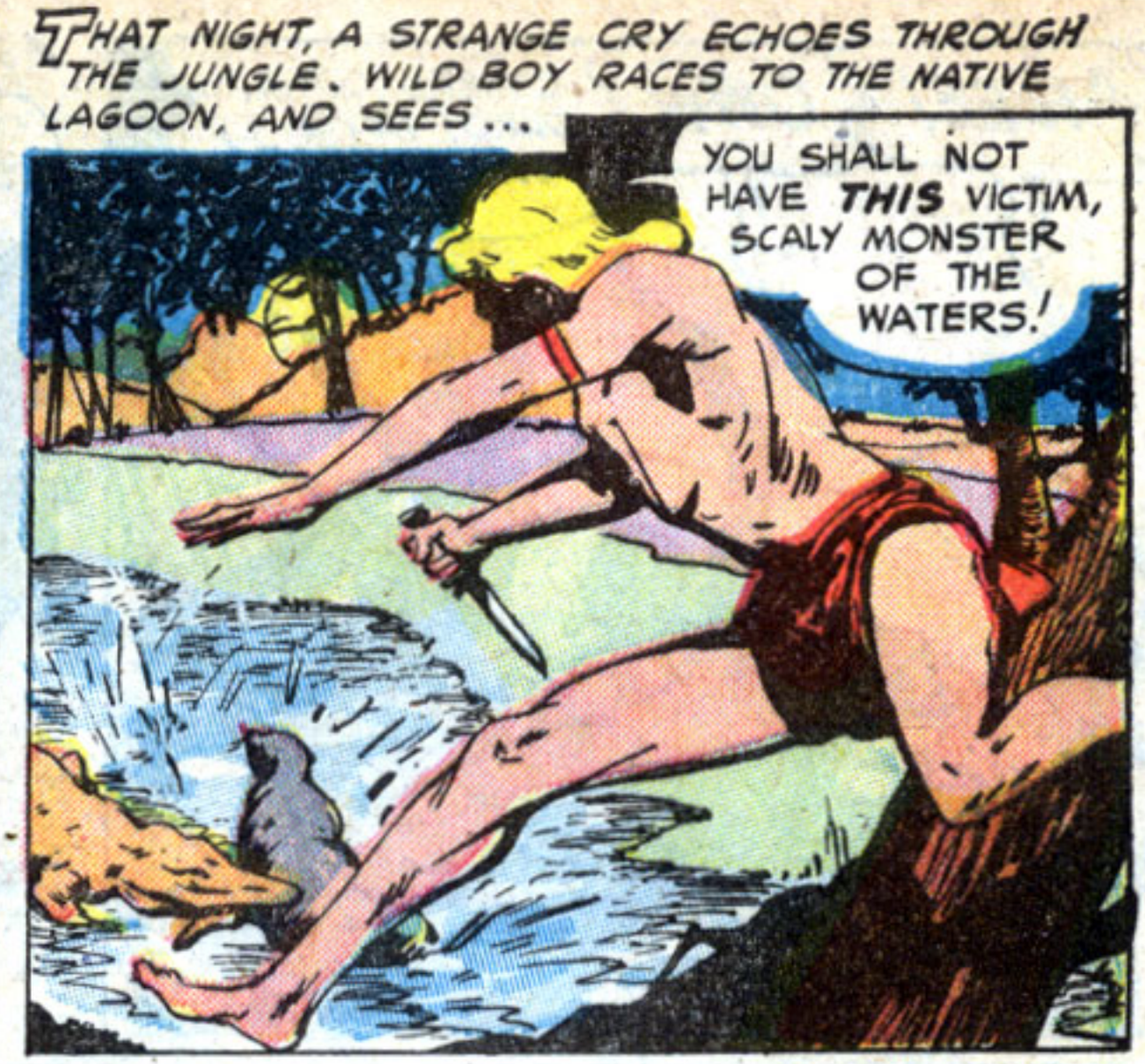
NOW YOU ***KNOW*** THE GODS SPOKE TO ME! AND THEY TELL ME THAT EVIL WILL FALL UPON THE TRIBE UNLESS TWAGU IS MADE CHIEF!

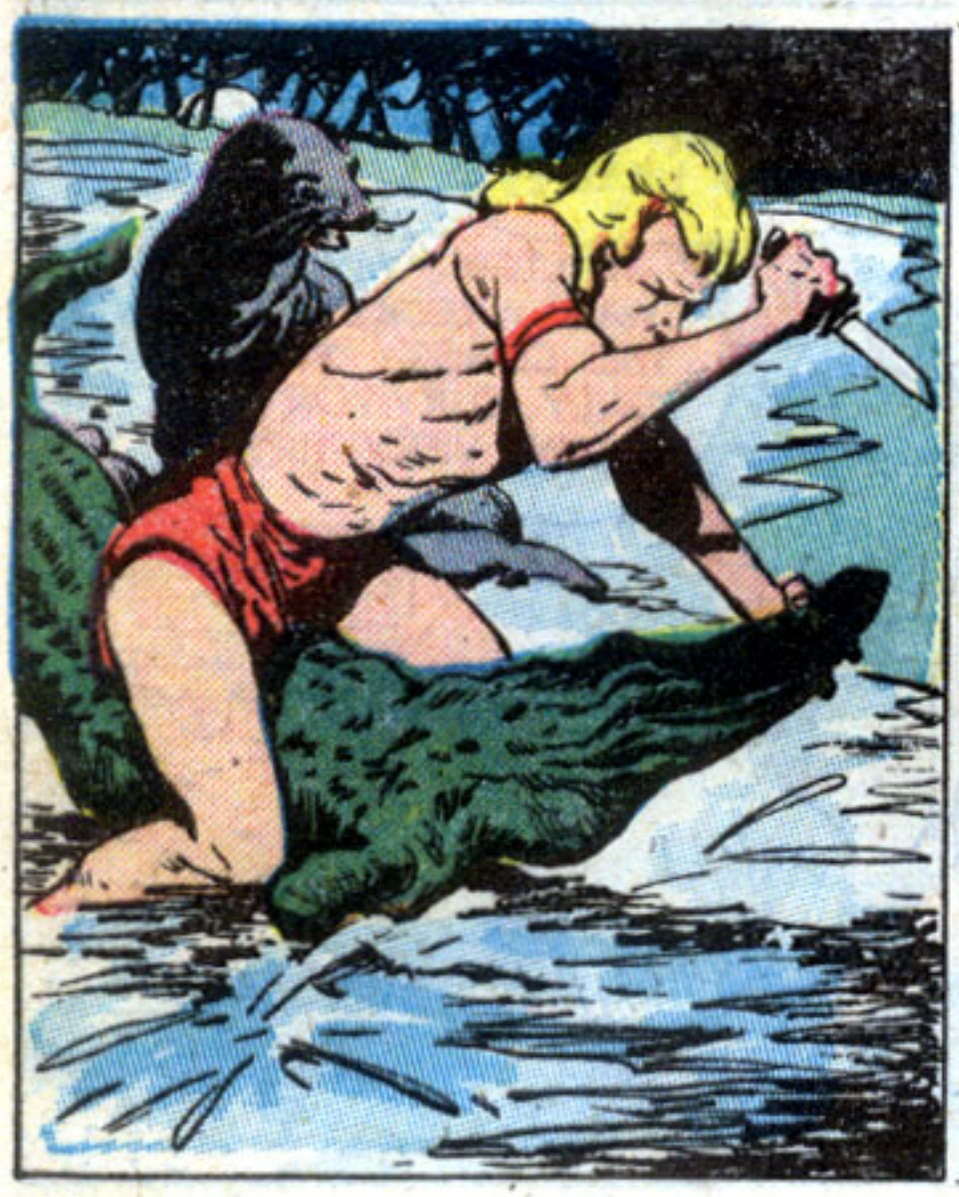
NO, TWAGU! ***I*** AM THE RIGHTFUL CHIEF!

AWAY, RALEM! THE GODS WANT A NEW CHIEF!

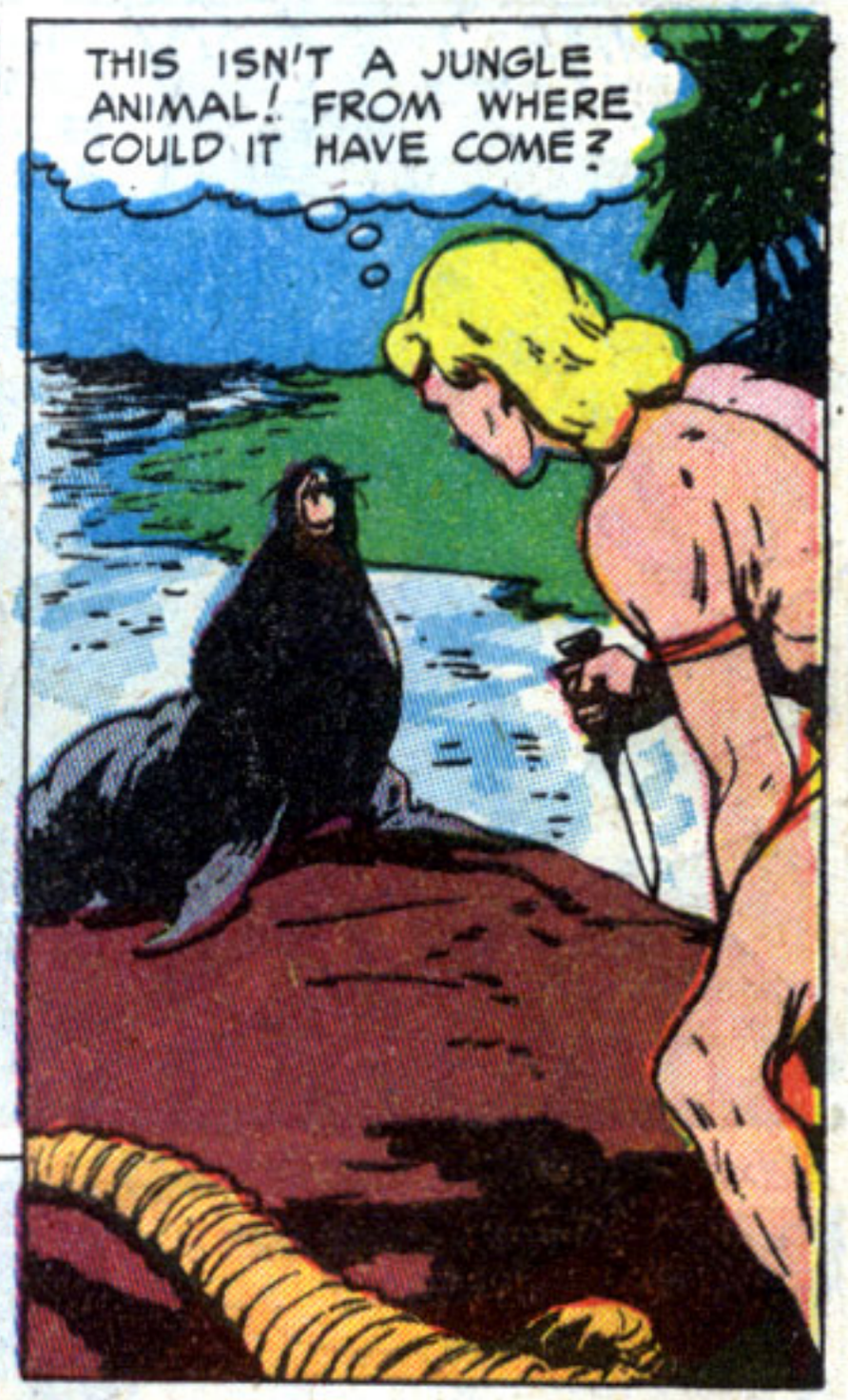
AYE! THE GODS HAVE SPOKEN!

GIVE ME THE ROYAL ROBES!
AS YOU SAY, TWAGU! AWAY, RALEM! THE GODS SPEAK TO TWAGU! HIS BATON IS A SIGN OF THEIR FAVOR!

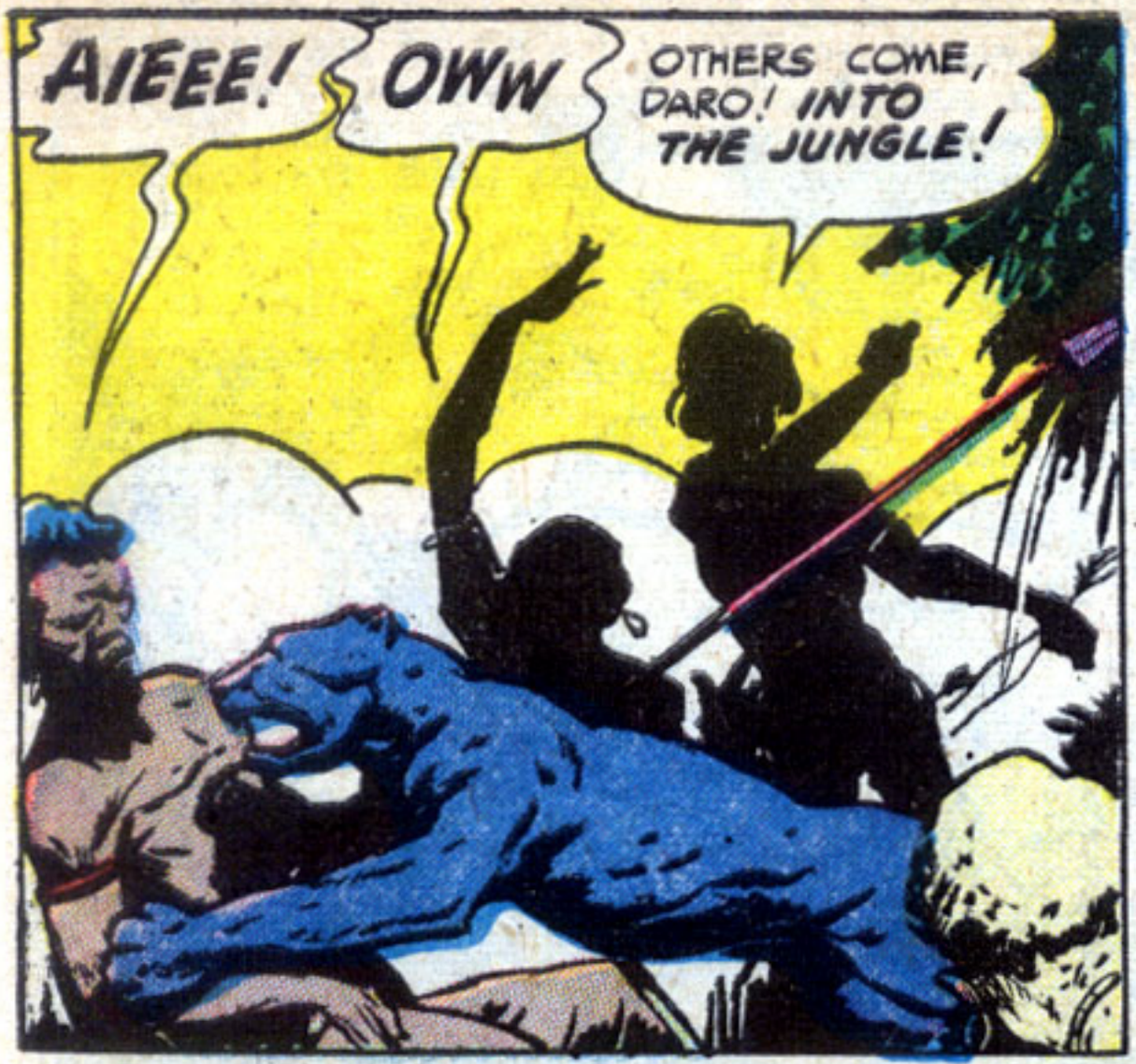

THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE CRY ECHOES THROUGH THE JUNGLE. WILD BOY RACES TO THE NATIVE LAGOON, AND SEES...
YOU SHALL NOT HAVE THIS VICTIM, SCALY MONSTER OF THE WATERS!

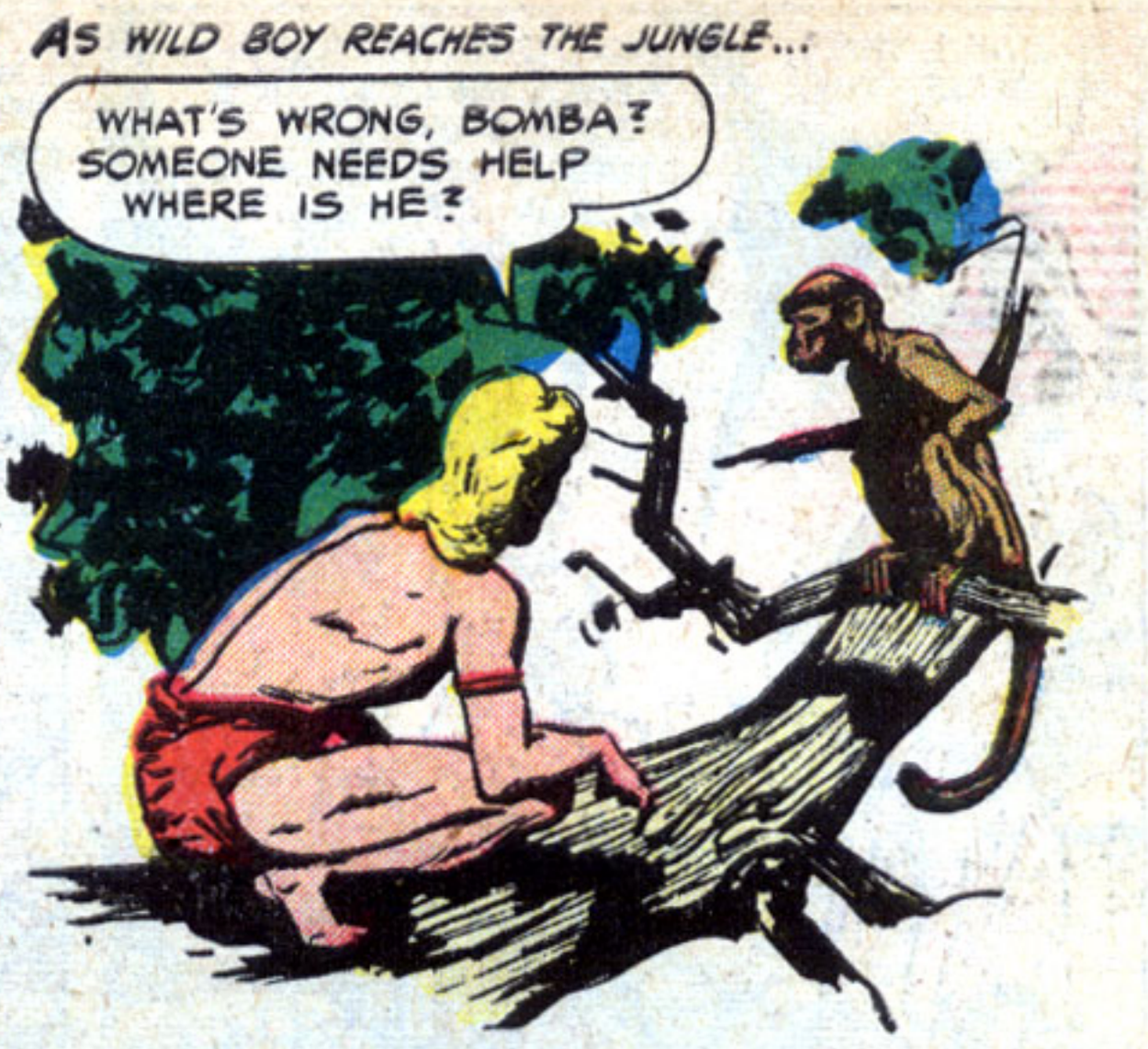


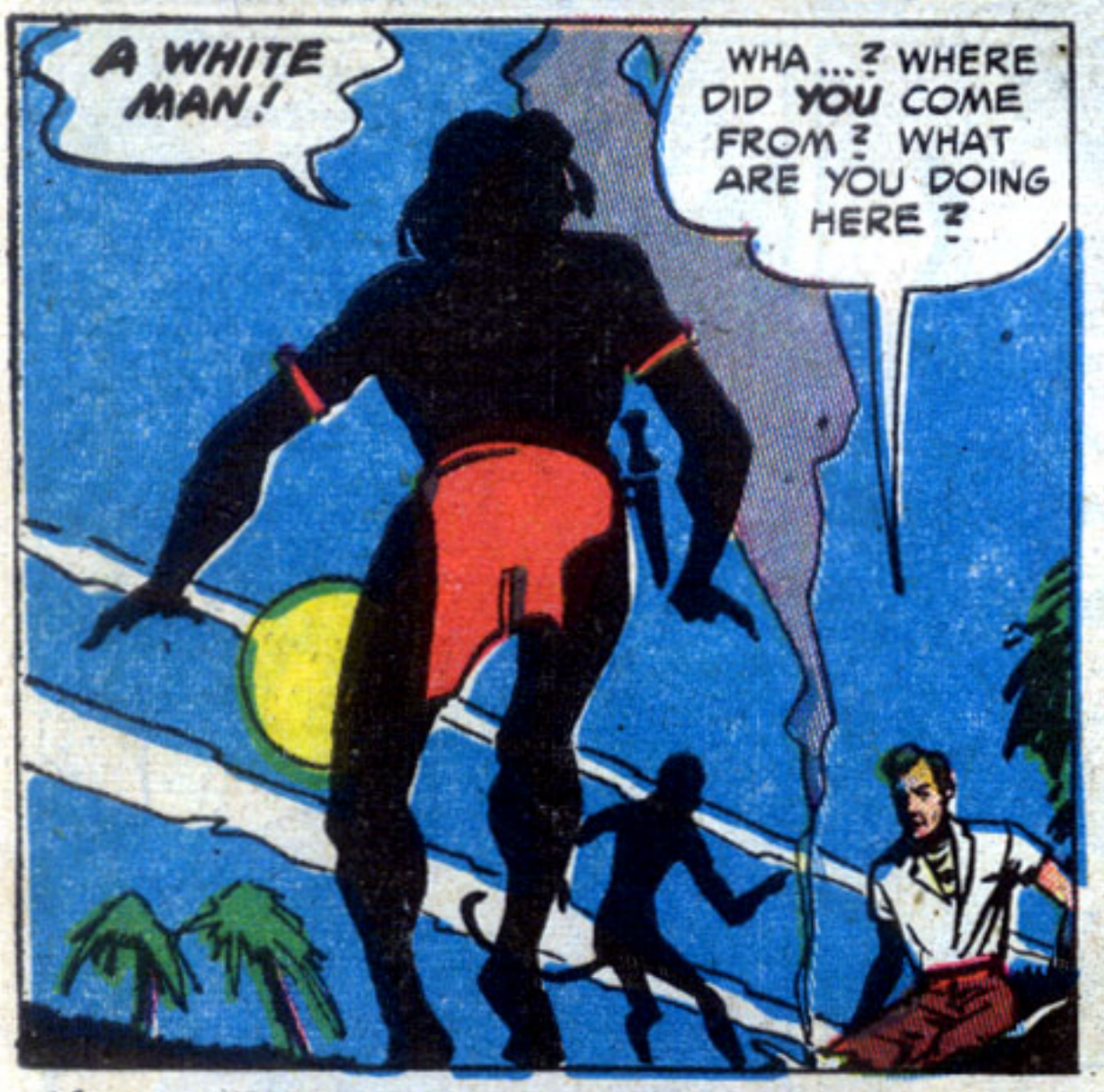
THERE!


THIS ISN'T A JUNGLE ANIMAL! FROM WHERE COULD IT HAVE COME?

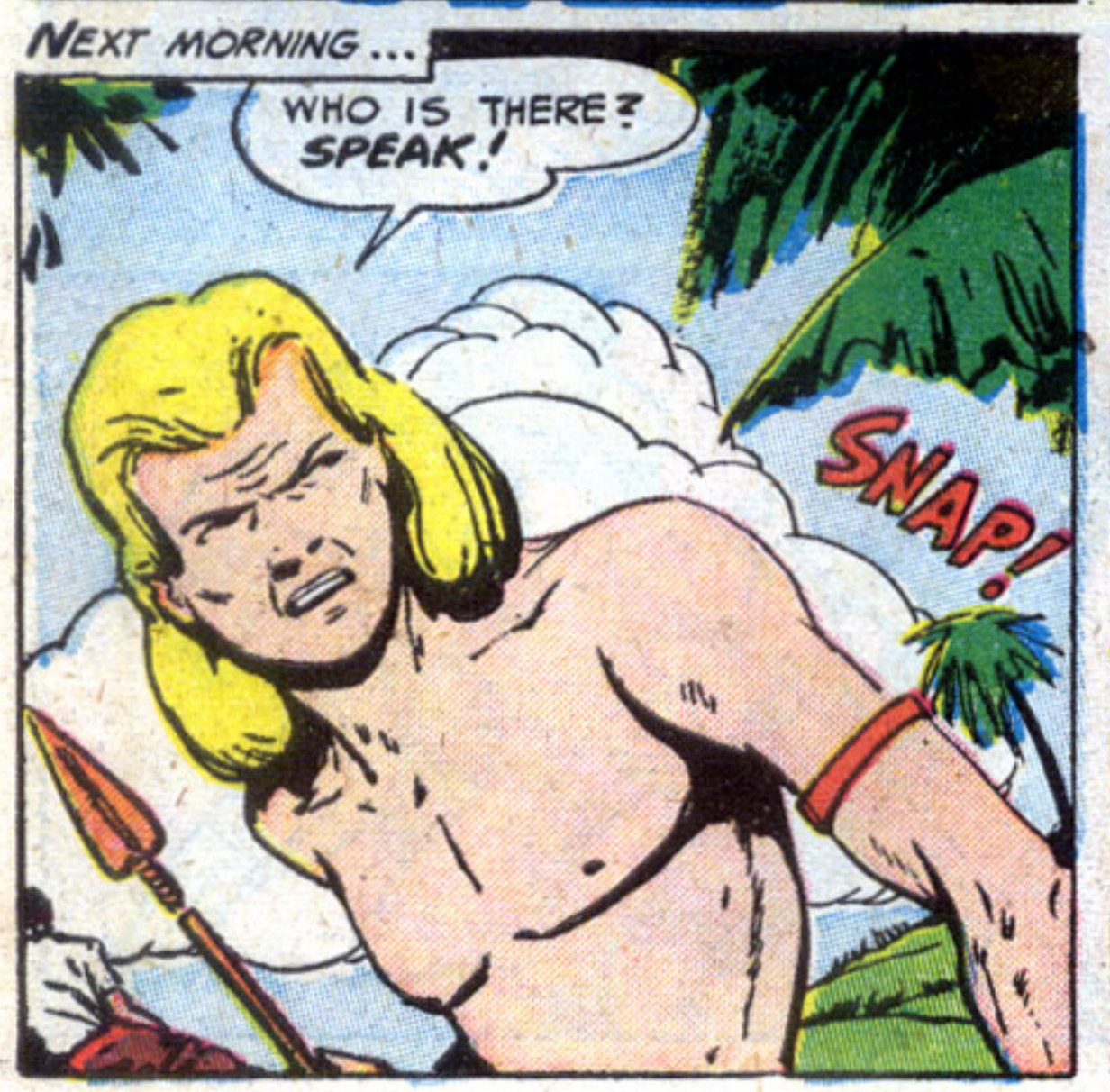
SUDDENLY...
SEIZE HIM! HE TOUCHES OUR SACRED ANIMAL!
YES, TWAGU!

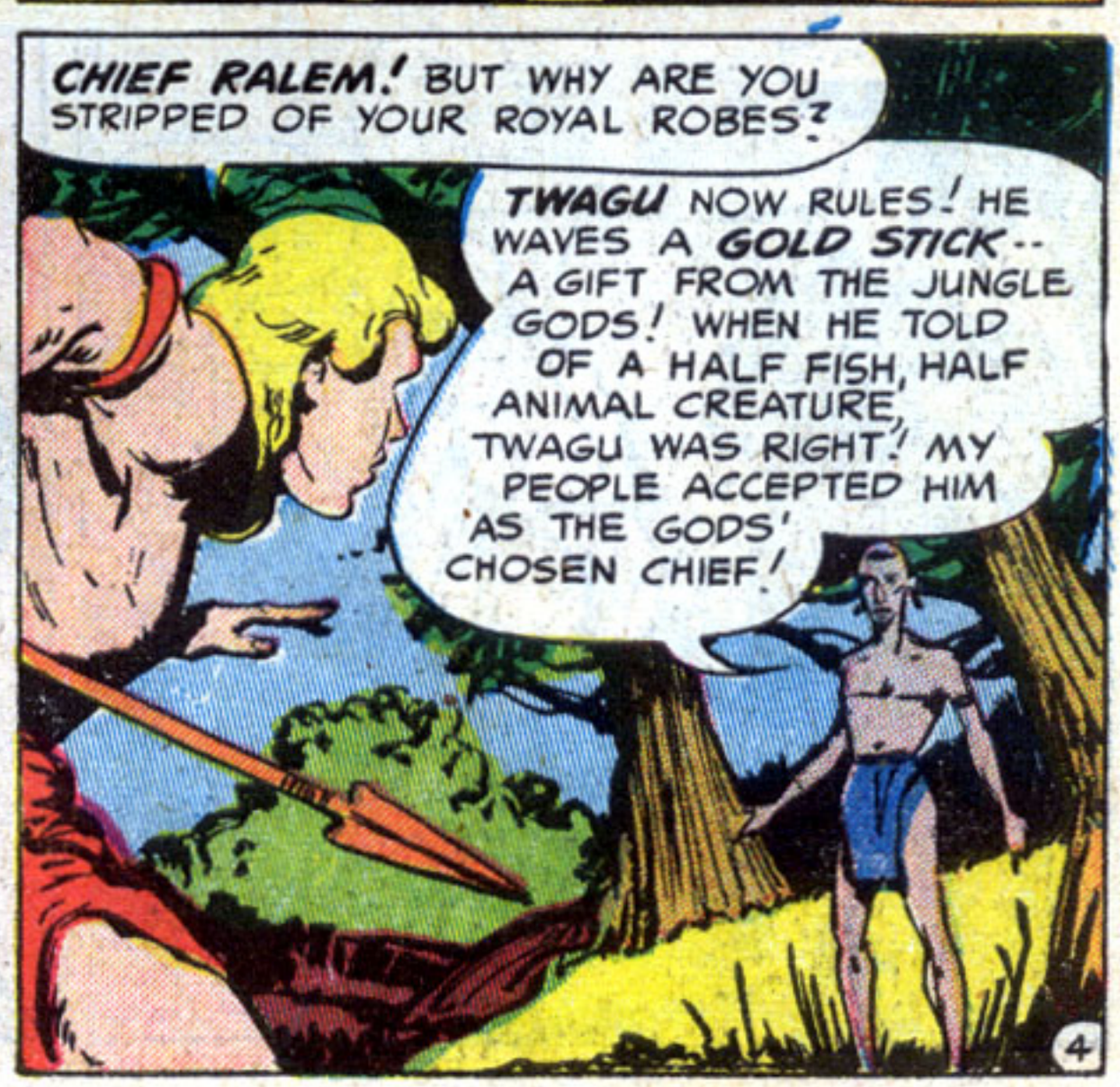

AIEEE!
OWW
OTHERS COME, DARO! INTO THE JUNGLE!


AS WILD BOY REACHES THE JUNGLE...
WHAT'S WRONG, BOMBA? SOMEONE NEEDS HELP WHERE IS HE?

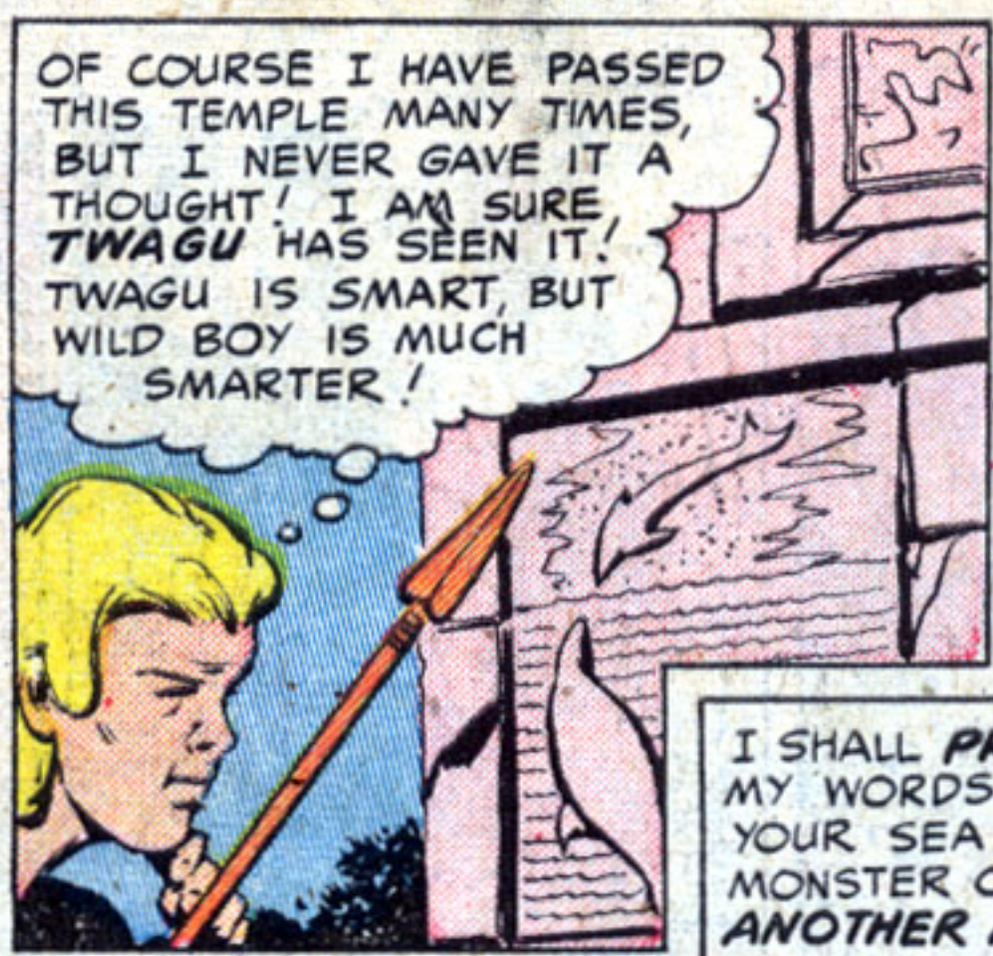

A WHITE MAN!
WHA...? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

IT WOULD TAKE MANY MOONS TO EXPLAIN WHY I AM HERE! WHO ARE YOU — AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I'M JOHN WALTON! MY SHIP WAS WRECKED OFF THE COAST! I'M THE ONLY SURVIVOR! I... I'M VERY TIRED!


NEXT MORNING...
WHO IS THERE? SPEAK!
SNAP!

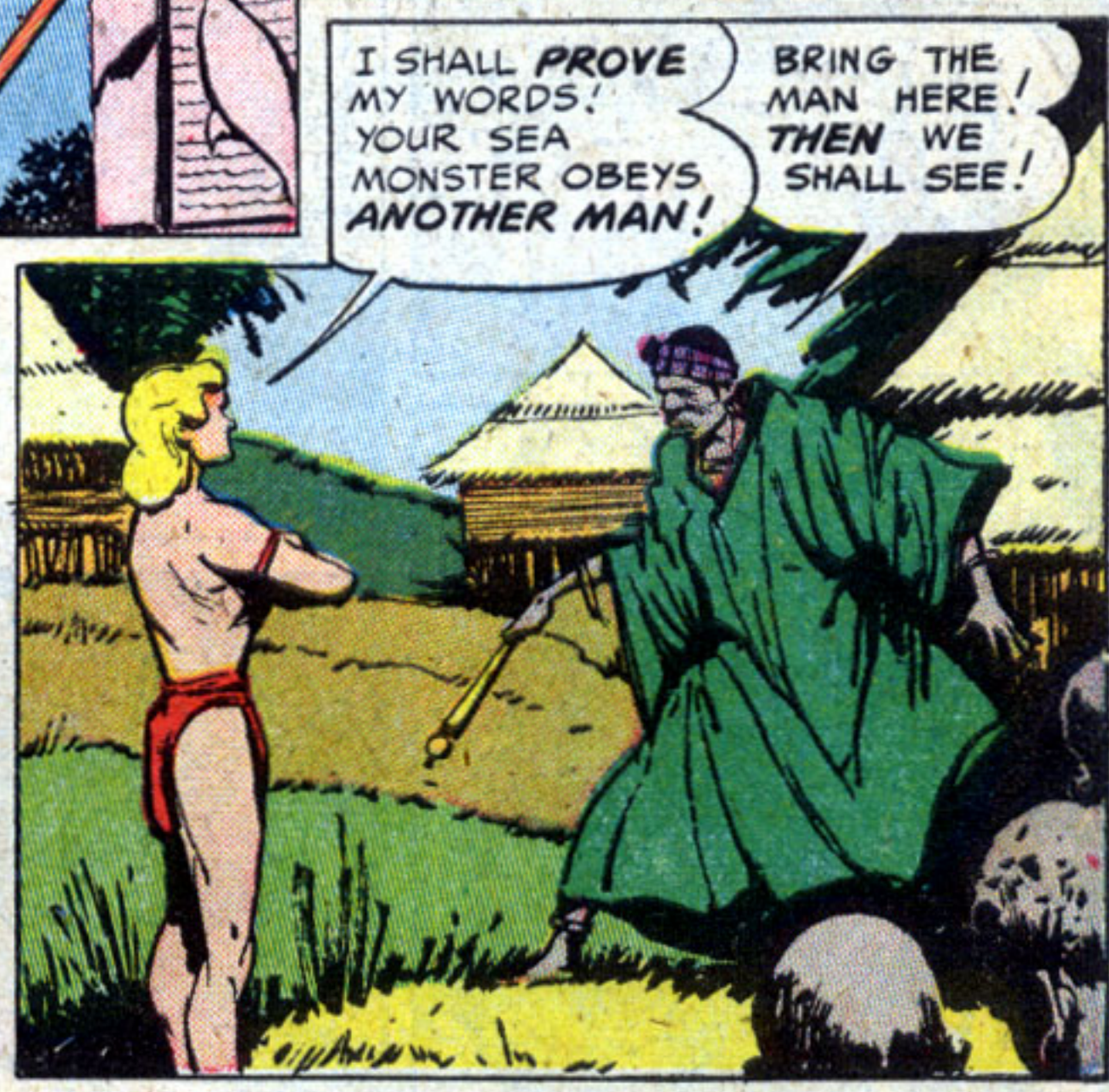

CHIEF RALEM! BUT WHY ARE YOU STRIPPED OF YOUR ROYAL ROBES?
TWAGU NOW RULES! HE WAVES A GOLD STICK -- A GIFT FROM THE JUNGLE GODS! WHEN HE TOLD OF A HALF FISH, HALF ANIMAL CREATURE, TWAGU WAS RIGHT! MY PEOPLE ACCEPTED HIM AS THE GODS' CHOSEN CHIEF!

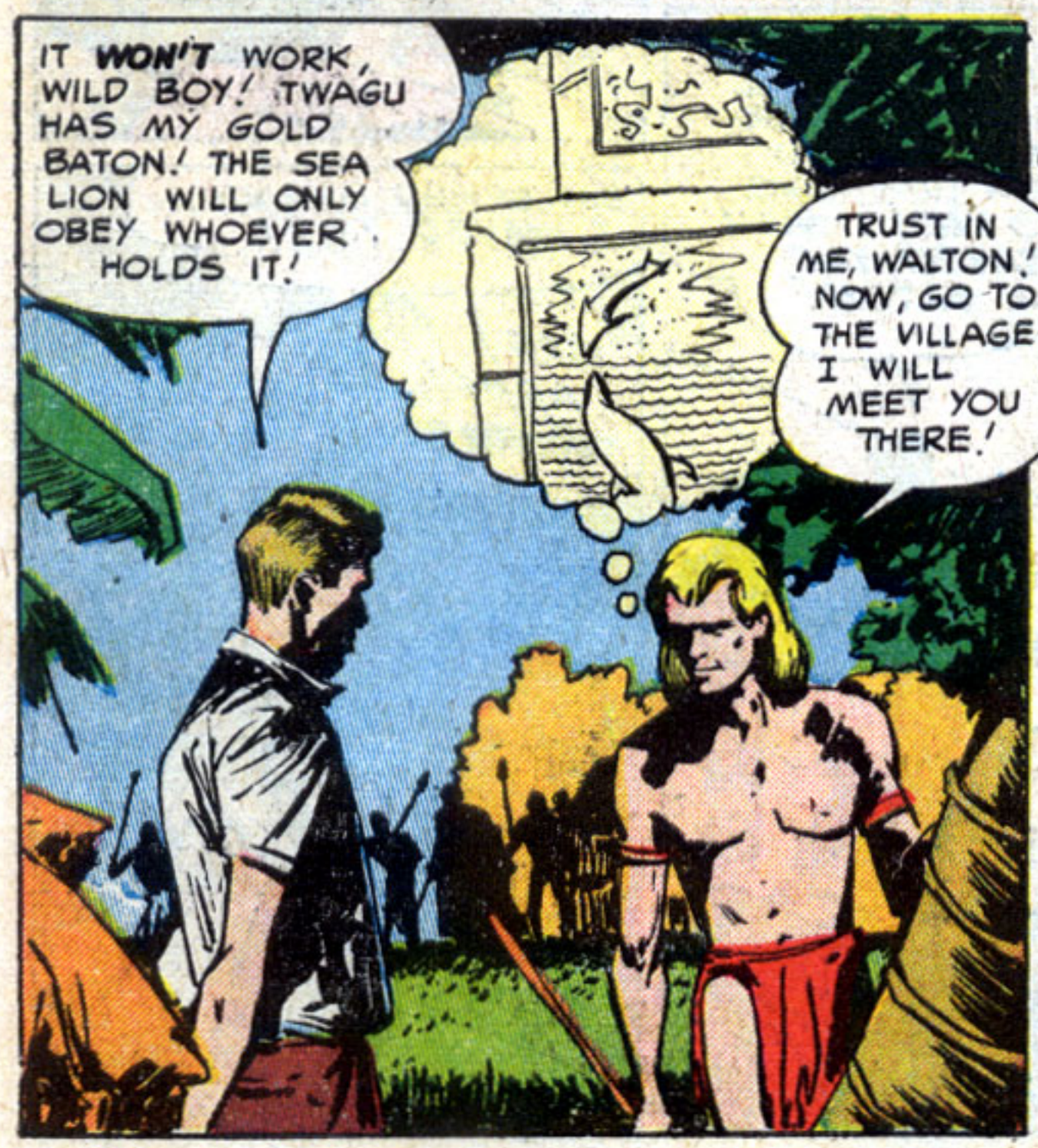
THE STRANGE CREATURE GAVE TWAGU POWER AND I SHALL TAKE IT FROM HIM! WAIT HERE — I AM GOING TO HIS VILLAGE!


AS THE JUNGLE PRINCE HEADS FOR THE NARDI VILLAGE, HE IS STOPPED BY THE TEMPLE FREIZE...
OF COURSE I HAVE PASSED THIS TEMPLE MANY TIMES, BUT I NEVER GAVE IT A THOUGHT! I AM SURE TWAGU HAS SEEN IT! TWAGU IS SMART, BUT WILD BOY IS MUCH SMARTER!

STOP! CHIEF. TWAGU REST INSIDE! NO ONE CAN DISTURB HIM!
OUT OF MY WAY!

YOU ARE A FALSE PROPHET, TWAGU! THE JUNGLE GODS DO NOT FAVOR YOU!
YOU LIE, WHITE DEVIL!


I SHALL PROVE MY WORDS! YOUR SEA MONSTER OBEYS ANOTHER MAN!
BRING THE MAN HERE! THEN WE SHALL SEE!


IT WON'T WORK, WILD BOY! TWAGU HAS MY GOLD BATON! THE SEA LION WILL ONLY OBEY WHOEVER HOLDS IT!
TRUST IN ME, WALTON! NOW, GO TO THE VILLAGE! I WILL MEET YOU THERE!

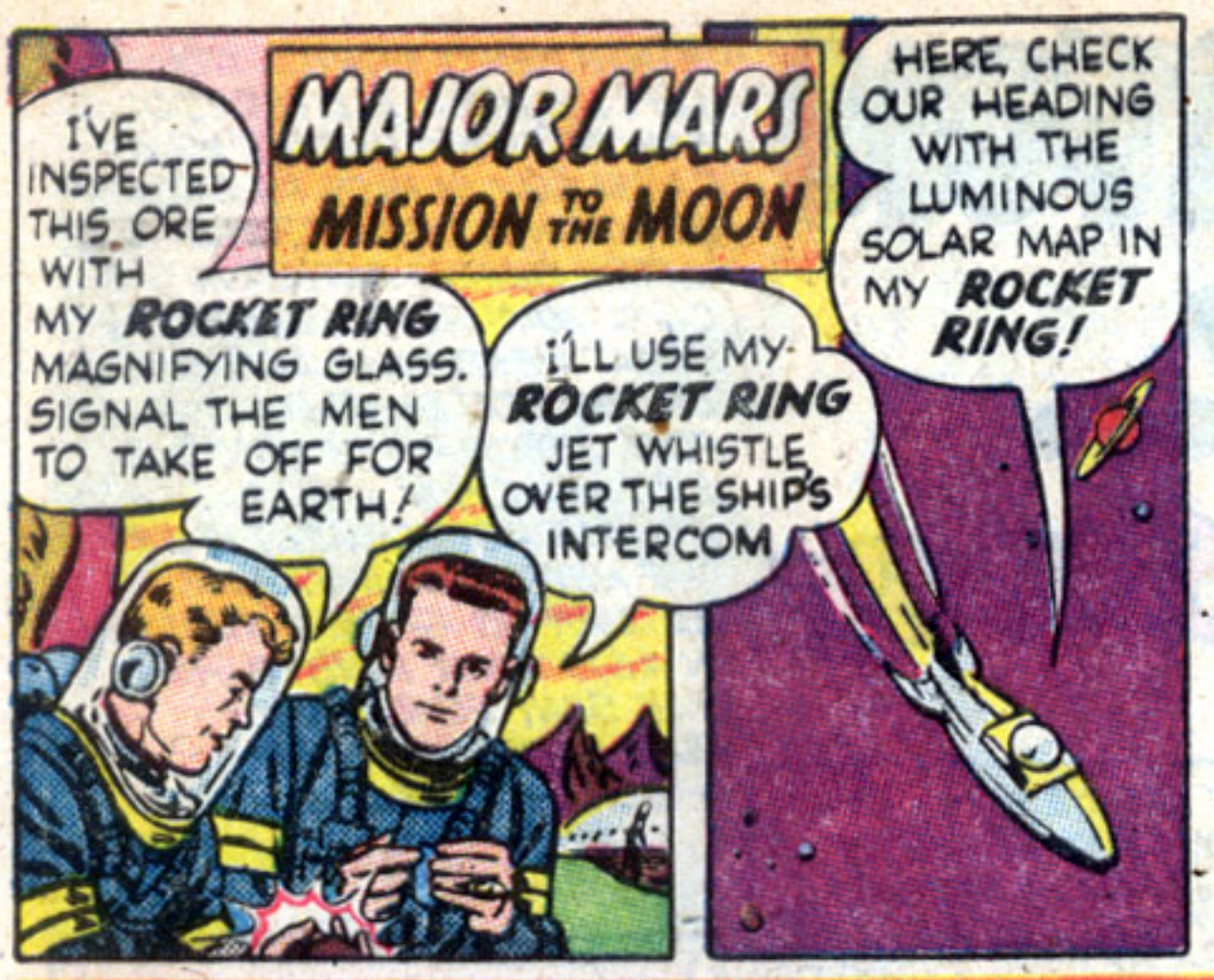
MINUTES LATER...
THIS TRICK HAS TO WORK!

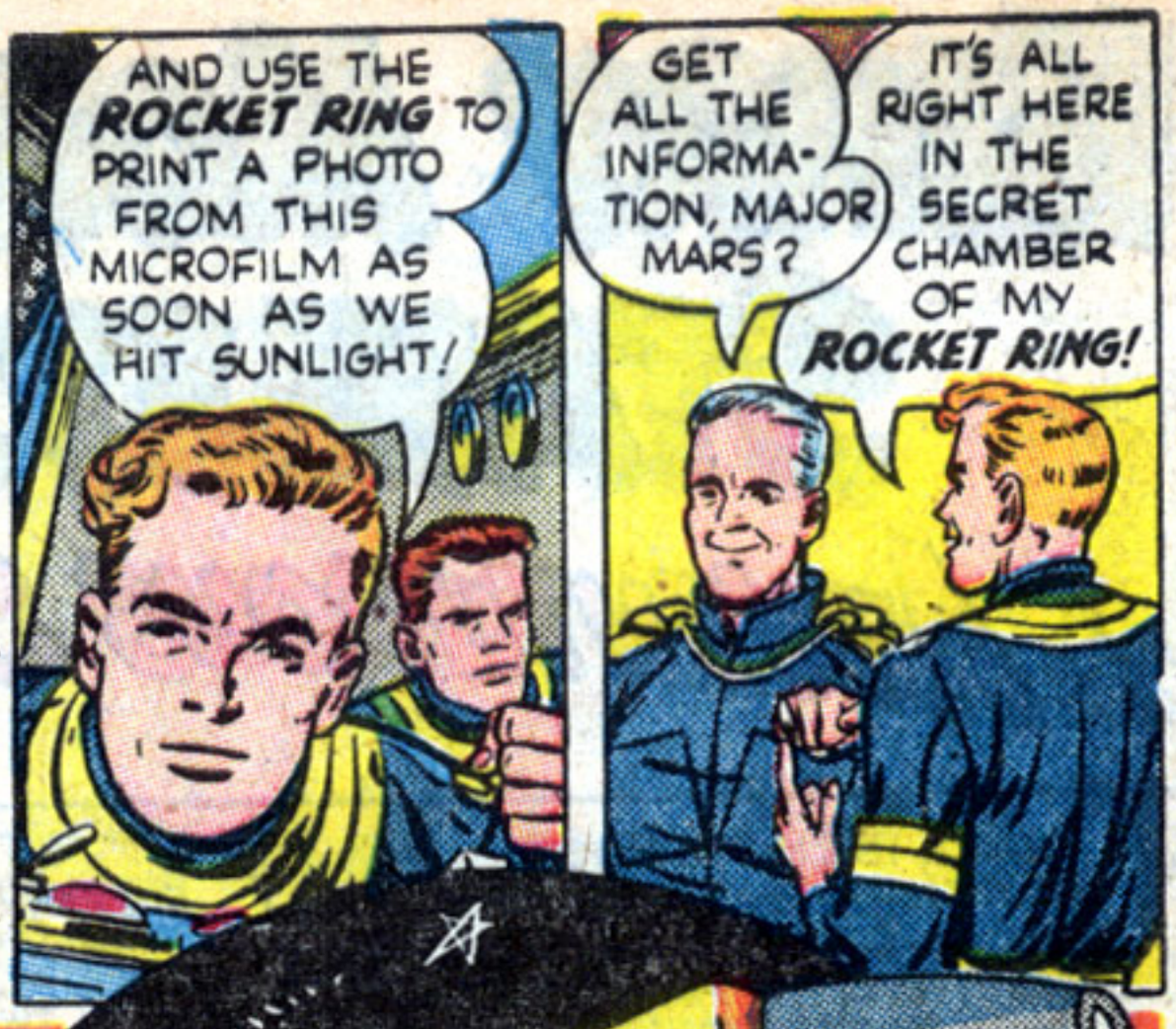
SOON, THE NATIVES WATCH AS THE SEA LION IS PLACED BETWEEN WALTON AND TWAGU...

SUDDENLY, THE SEA LION HALTS, TURNS ITS HEAD SLOWLY AND THEN FLAPS HURRIEDLY TO WALTON...

TWAGU FALLS TO THE GROUND AND THE BATON PIERCES HIS HEART...

THE END





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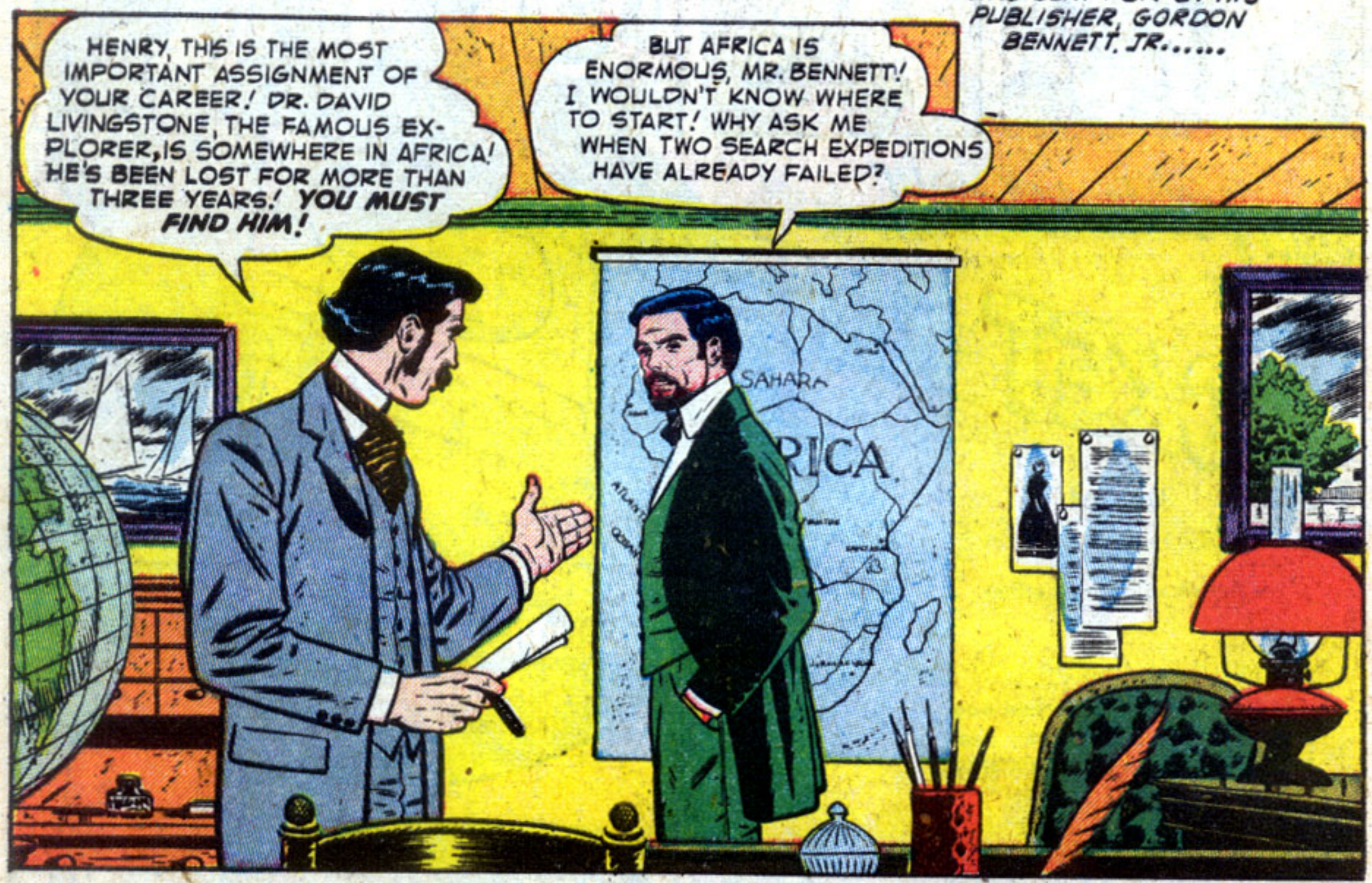
HENRY MORTON STANLEY...

The ADVENTUROUS SCRIBE

WHEN HENRY MORTON STANLEY LEFT HIS HOME IN LIVERPOOL TO SAIL TO NEW ORLEANS AS A CABIN BOY IN 1859, HE EMBARKED UPON A LIFE OF ADVENTURE! AFTER SEEING ACTION IN THE CIVIL WAR HE TRAVELED THE GREAT WESTERN PLAINS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS GIFTS FOR DESCRIPTIVE WRITING BROUGHT HIM A WORLD-WIDE ROVING ASSIGNMENT FOR THE NEW YORK HERALD. RETURNING FROM A MISSION IN ABYSSINIA IN 1870, HE WAS SENT FOR BY HIS PUBLISHER, GORDON BENNETT, JR.....



APRIL, 1871, IN THE INTERIOR OF TANGANYIKA

TANGANYIKA IS SO HUGE! WE NEED NATIVE GUIDES! LET'S TRY THAT VILLAGE!

GOOD! PERHAPS THEY MAY EVEN HAVE SEEN THE OLD DOCTOR!

OUR TRADERS GO DEEP INTO THE INTERIOR! YES, WE HAVE HEARD OF AN OLD WHITE-BEARDED MAN NEAR THE GREAT LAKE!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS! NOW, IF YOU WILL SUPPLY ME WITH SOME NATIVE GUIDES, I'LL PUSH ON!

MONTHS LATER THE PARTY HAD MOVED HUNDREDS OF MILES FURTHER WEST...

WE'VE COME EIGHT HUNDRED MILES AND LOST HALF OF OUR PARTY! AND NOW THIS IS LAKE TANGANYIKA! I DOUBT WHETHER ANYBODY IS WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF HERE!

BWANA, I KNOW VILLAGE UJIJI! NOT FAR! WE COME ALONG SOON!

THE OUTSKIRTS OF UJIJI WERE REACHED IN NOVEMBER, 1871...

I SEE DOCTOR, BUT HE NO BELIEVE YOU COME! HURRY, BWANA!

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH IF IT'S REALLY DR. LIVINGSTONE!

MOMENTS LATER THE FAMOUS MEETING TOOK PLACE...

DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?

I THANK GOD THAT I HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR

AND WHEN THEY WERE ALONE...

I'VE BEEN MOST FORTUNATE TO FIND YOU, DR. LIVINGSTONE! TWO EXPEDITIONS FAILED SINCE YOU'VE BEEN REPORTED LOST!

LOST? I'VE NEVER BEEN LOST! I WAS TOO ILL AND TOO WEAK TO TRAVEL! I COULDN'T GET LOST! I KNOW THIS COUNTRY!

AFTER EXPLORING LAKE TANGANYIKA TOGETHER, STANLEY LEFT LIVINGSTONE TO BRING HIS REPORT TO THE WORLD...

WHEN YOU GET BACK TO LONDON, GIVE THESE JOURNALS TO MY MISSIONARY SOCIETY AS A SMALL TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION!

I WILL, DOCTOR! BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO REMAIN IN THIS COUNTRY!

ON LONDON, STANLEY'S MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE WAS DOUBTED...

BUT WHAT PROOF DO YOU HAVE THAT YOU ACTUALLY MET DR. LIVINGSTONE, MR. STANLEY? YOU DIDN'T BRING HIM BACK!

HE DIDN'T WANT TO RETURN, BUT HERE IS DOCUMENTARY PROOF – DR. LIVINGSTONE'S JOURNAL!

GREAT HONOR WAS THEN HEAPED UPON STANLEY...

THIS IS A SMALL GIFT FOR THE COURAGEOUS EXPEDITION YOU LED, MR. STANLEY! PLEASE ACCEPT IT ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE!

I AM DEEPLY HONORED, YOUR MAJESTY!

AFRICA DREW STANLEY LIKE A MAGNET, AND WHEN HE WAS OFFERED LEADERSHIP OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION, HE JUMPED AT THE CHANCE.

THESE MAPS ARE USELESS! I HEARD FROM LIVINGSTONE THAT THE CONGO FALLS ARE A HUNDRED MILES WEST OF HERE!

THEN LET'S GO, MR. STANLEY! I TRUST YOUR LEADERSHIP!

AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE GREAT FALLS...

NO WONDER LIVINGSTONE WAS STOPPED HERE! WE'LL NEVER GET PAST THESE FALLS WITH THAT SOLID ROCK IN THE WAY!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET THIS STOP ME FROM EXPLORING THE CONGO! WE'LL HACK OUR WAY THROUGH!

BWANA STANLEY, HE *BULA MATARI*, GREAT ROCK BREAKER!

MONTHS LATER STANLEY LAUNCHED THE CRAFT HE HAD BUILT ON THE MIGHTY CONGO...

WE'VE ONLY BEGUN OUR EXPEDITION! THERE'S MORE THAN A THOUSAND MILES OF RIVER AND JUNGLE AHEAD! BUT WE'RE THE FIRST WHITE MEN WHO'VE EVER BEEN HERE!

THIS BLASTED HEAT AND THE FEVER ARE DECIMATING OUR RANKS, STANLEY! IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF WE REACH THE COAST ALIVE!

TO ADD TO THEIR MANY OBSTACLES THEY WERE UNDER ATTACK BY HOSTILE TRIBES ALL ALONG THE ROUTE!
KEEP THE MEN PADDLING - OUR FIRE IS HOLDING THEM OFF!
YES, BUT WE'VE LOST TWO MORE BOAT LOADS!

A YEAR LATER...
I'M AFRAID I'M GOING, STANLEY, JUST LIKE OUR OTHER TWO COMRADES! REMEMBER ME TO... MY FAMILY!
HOLD ON, OLD MAN! DON'T LEAVE ME NOW! IT'S ONLY A FEW HUNDRED MILES!

WHEN STANLEY REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE CONGO, THREE YEARS HAD PASSED AND HE WAS THE LONE WHITE SURVIVOR...
GOOD HEAVENS! IT CAN'T BE! YOU WERE REPORTED DEAD TWO YEARS AGO! WHERE ARE THE REST OF YOUR PARTY, MR. STANLEY?
I CAME THROUGH ALONE! THE REST, GOOD BRAVE MEN, PERISHED ALONG THE ROUTE! BUT THE CONGO HAS BEEN CHARTED!

SEVEN YEARS LATER, AFTER HELPING ESTABLISH THE CONGO FREE STATE, STANLEY LED A BRITISH RESCUE MISSION FOR EMIN PASHA, GOVERNOR OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA...
IF I LEAVE, I WILL LOSE MY TERRITORY AND ALL MY RIGHTS!
AND IF YOU STAY YOU WILL BE DEAD! I CAME A THOUSAND MILES TO BRING YOU BACK, AND I'VE LOST HALF OF MY MEN! YOU'RE RETURNING WITH ME BY ORDERS OF THE CROWN!

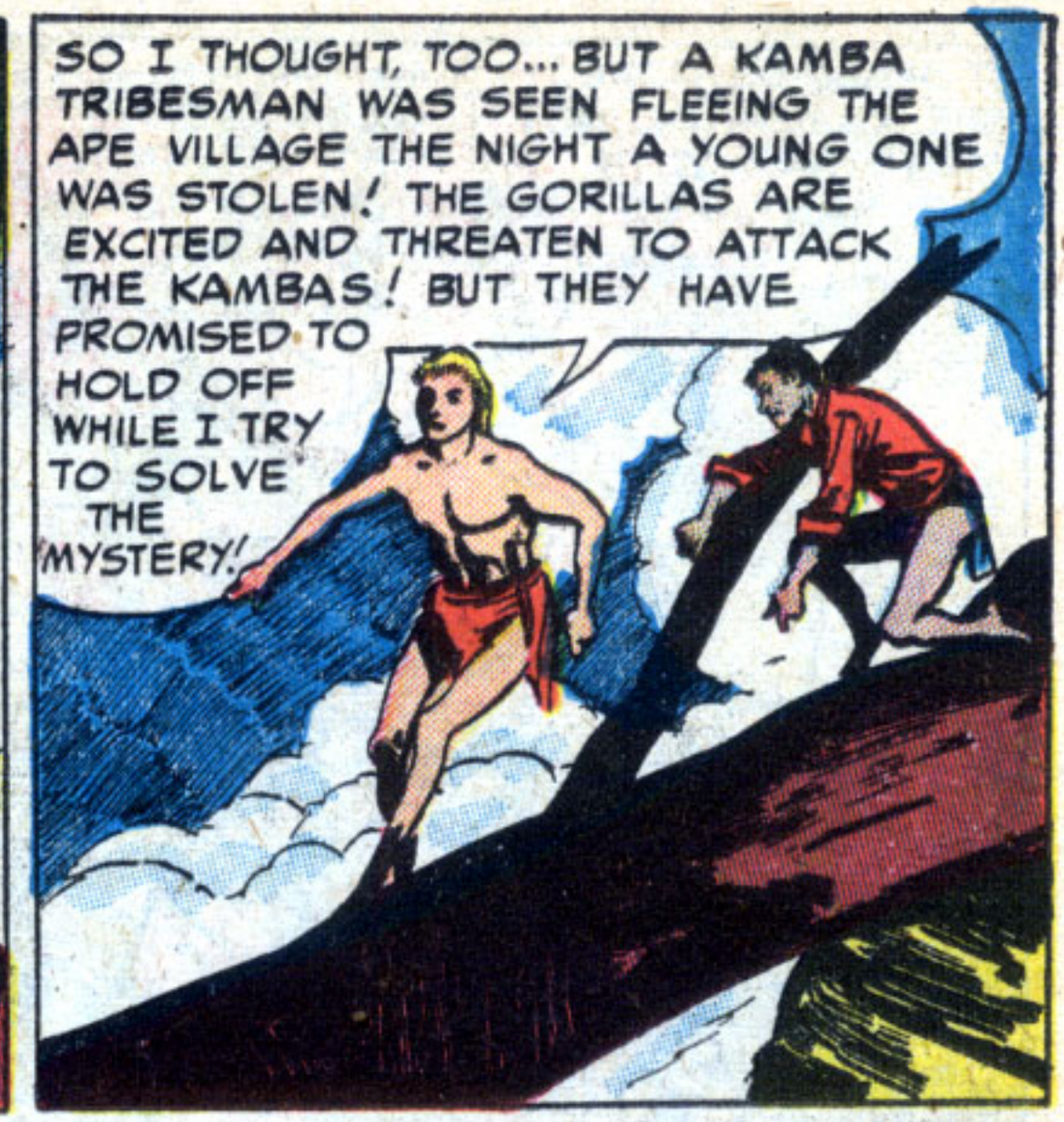
THE RETURN TREK WAS MADE THROUGH UGANDA, WHERE STANLEY SHED MORE LIGHT ON DARKEST AFRICA...
BIG MOUNTAIN, HIM CALLED RUWENZORI!
IT'S THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN! WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE THE HUGE MOON MOUNTAINS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE!

AFTER SERVING A TERM IN PARLIAMENT IN 1899, STANLEY FINALLY RECEIVED HIS GREATEST HONOR - KNIGHTHOOD!
RISE, SIR HENRY STANLEY, KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE BATH!

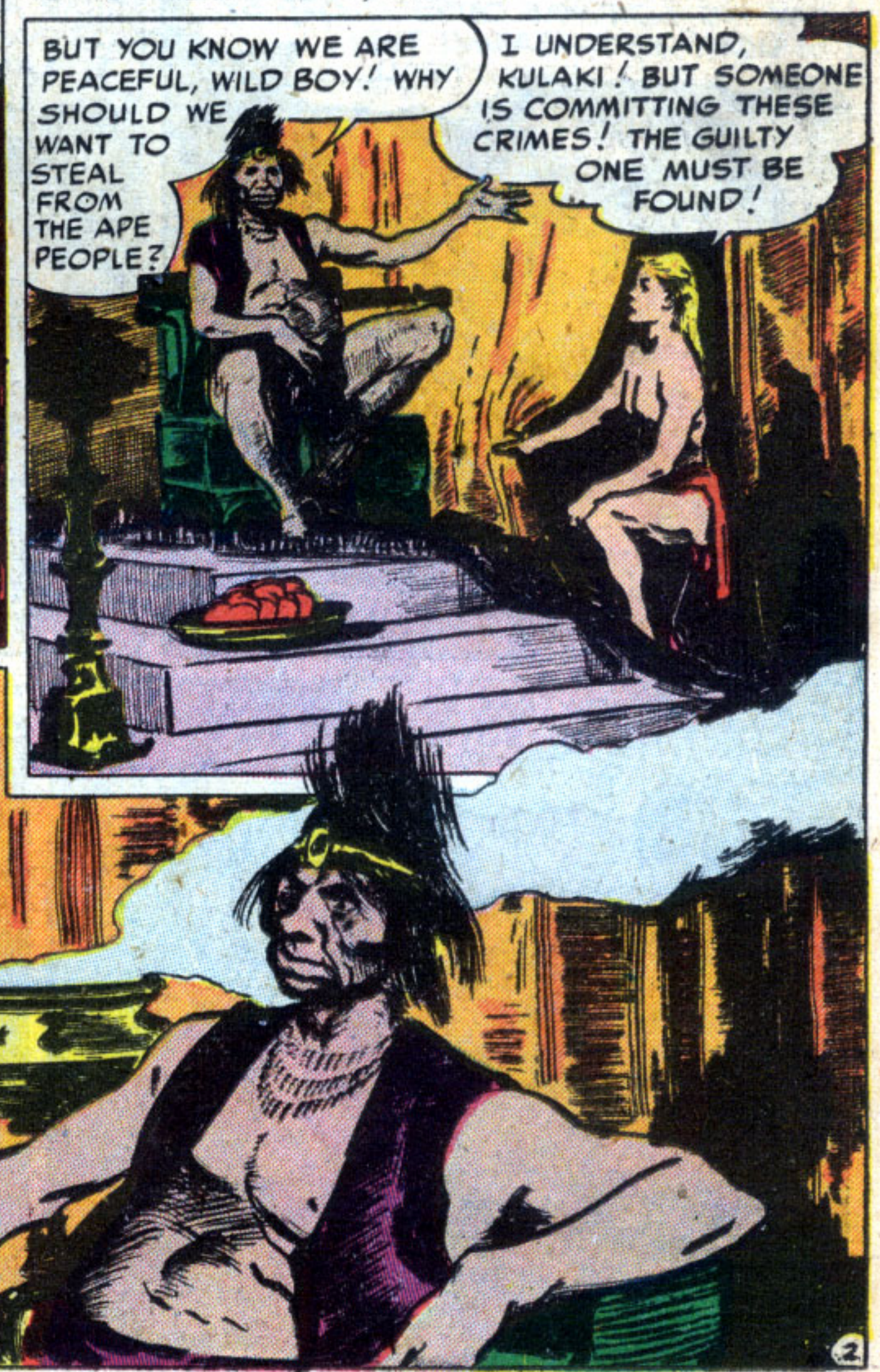
FIVE YEARS LATER THE INTREPID CONQUEROR OF THE DARK CONTINENT DIED AT HIS COUNTRY ESTATE IN PIRBRIGHT, MOURNED BY THE ENTIRE WORLD!
HENRY MORTON STANLEY
1841 - 1904
BULA-MATARI
AFRICA
THE END

WILD BOY in JUNGLE MYSTERY

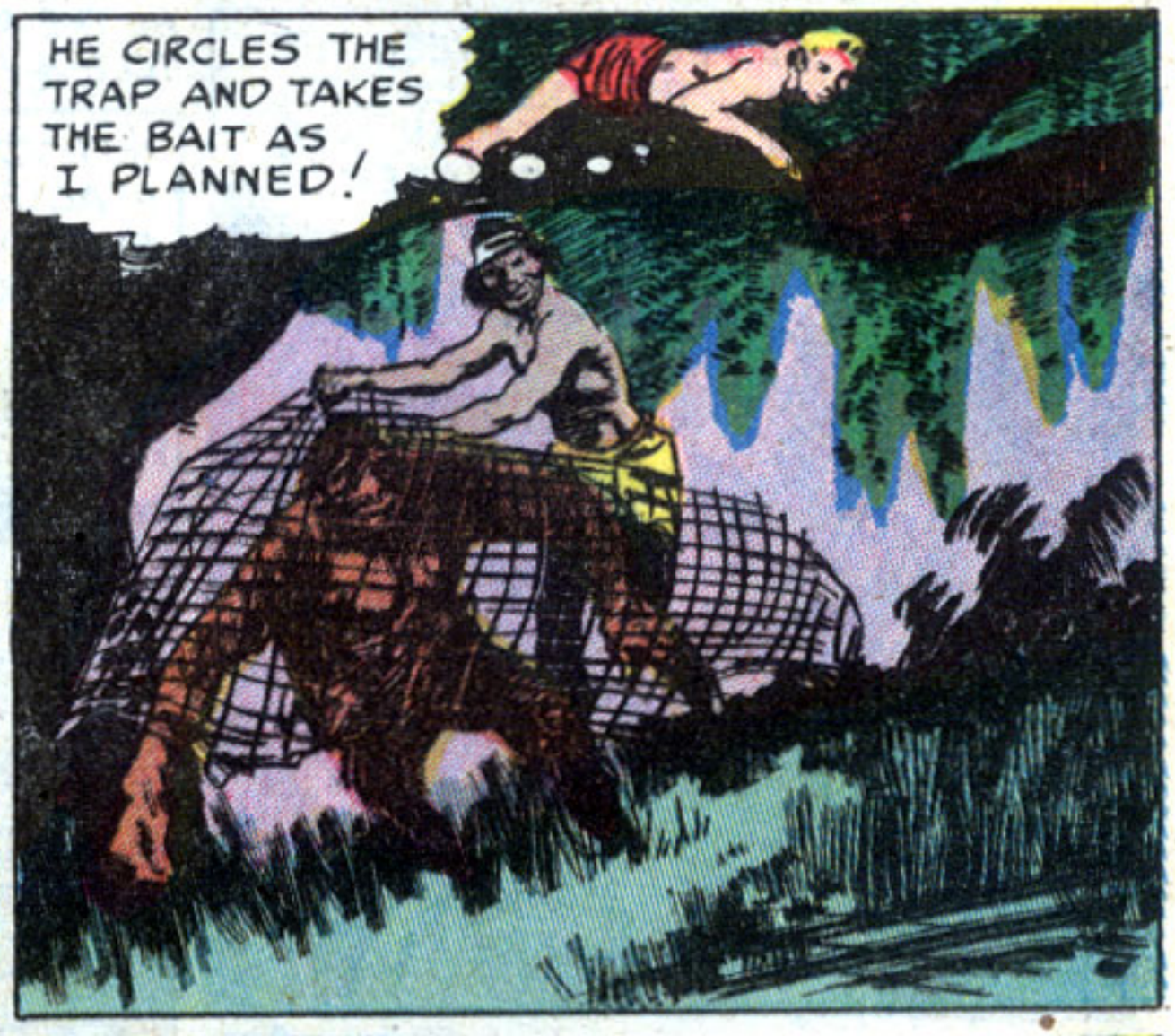
AS PURPLE DUSK BLANKETS THE JUNGLE, A STRANGE COUNCIL CONVENES IN A SHADOWY CLEARING! ABOVE THE WALLS AND MOANS OF GRIEF-STRICKEN GORILLAS RISES THE ANGRY BELLOW OF THE HUGE MAN-APE LEADER, PUNCTUATED NOW AND THEN BY THE CALM AND SOOTHING VOICE OF WILD BOY!



IN THE MORNING, WILD BOY EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO HIS FRIEND KULAKI, CHIEF OF THE KAMBA...



THAT EVENING, NEAR THE APE VILLAGE...



LATER...

NABOO ENTERS THE CAVE WITH THE CAPTIVE APE...

WELL, NABOO, I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME ANOTHER CHOICE SPECIMEN!

PLEASE, BWANA RIVERS, NO MORE... LEST THE WHOLE JUNGLE BE AROUSED... GIVE ME BACK MY SON!

NOT A CHANCE! BY HOLDING HIM HERE I CAN GET YOU TO BRING ME ANY ANIMAL I WANT! THEY'LL SELL FOR PLENTY DOWN ON THE COAST!

NO... NO... UGH...

THERE WILL BE TROUBLE! ALREADY WILD BOY SUSPECTS! I STOLE THIS YOUNG APE FROM A TRAP SET BY HIM!

HA! HA! WILD BOY, EH? I'M NOT SCARED OF SOME TREE-SWINGING KID!

– AND YOU BETTER KEEP BRINGING ME SPECIMENS, OR YOUR SON GETS THIS!

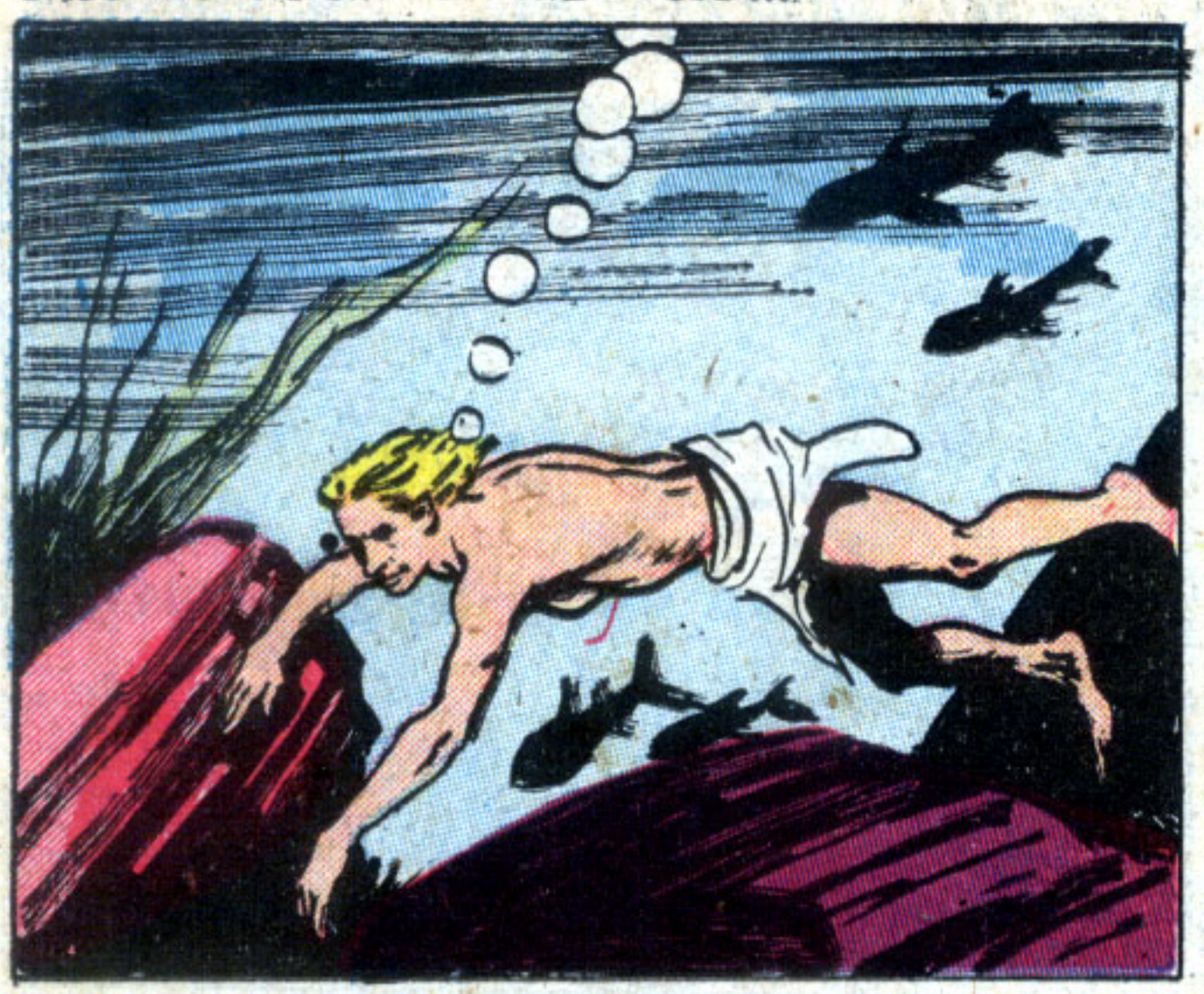
FATHER! SAVE ME!

PLEASE, I WILL DO AS YOU ASK! BUT DON'T HURT THE BOY!

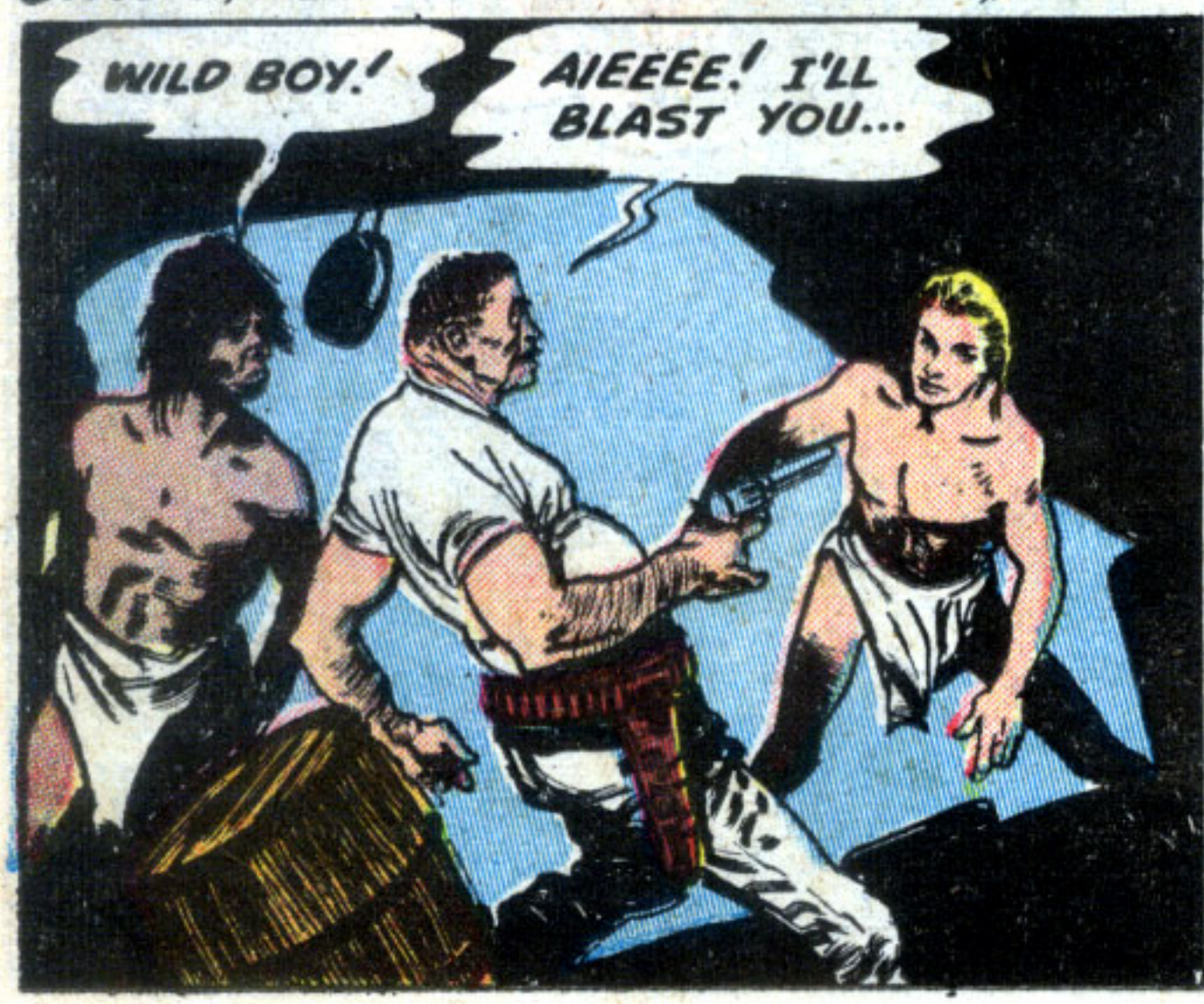
THAT SOLVES THE MYSTERY! NOW HOW TO GET RIVERS WITHOUT HURTING THE YOUNG ONES?

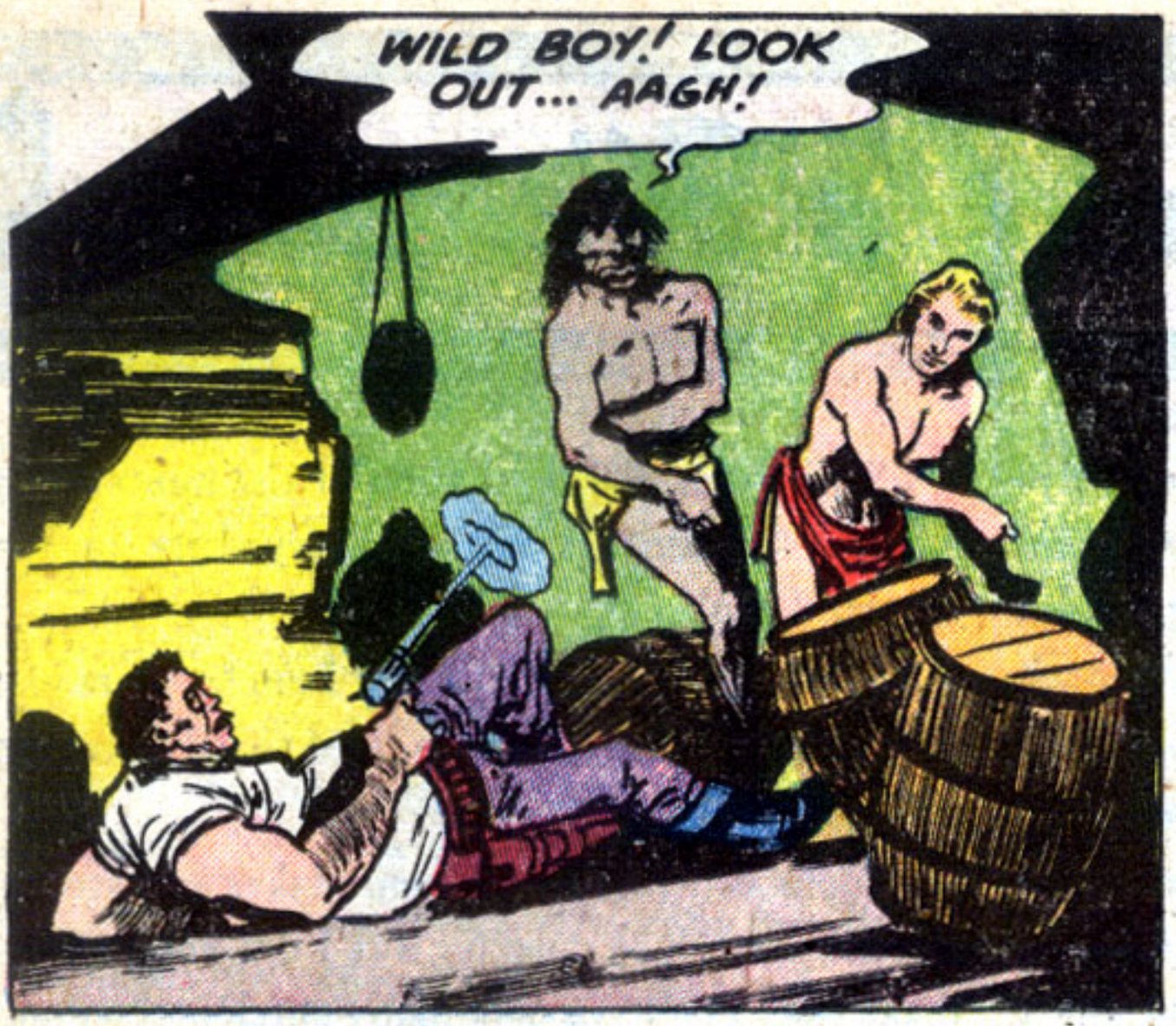
THERE'S A BACK ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE BEHIND THE FALLS! IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT MY ONLY CHANCE!

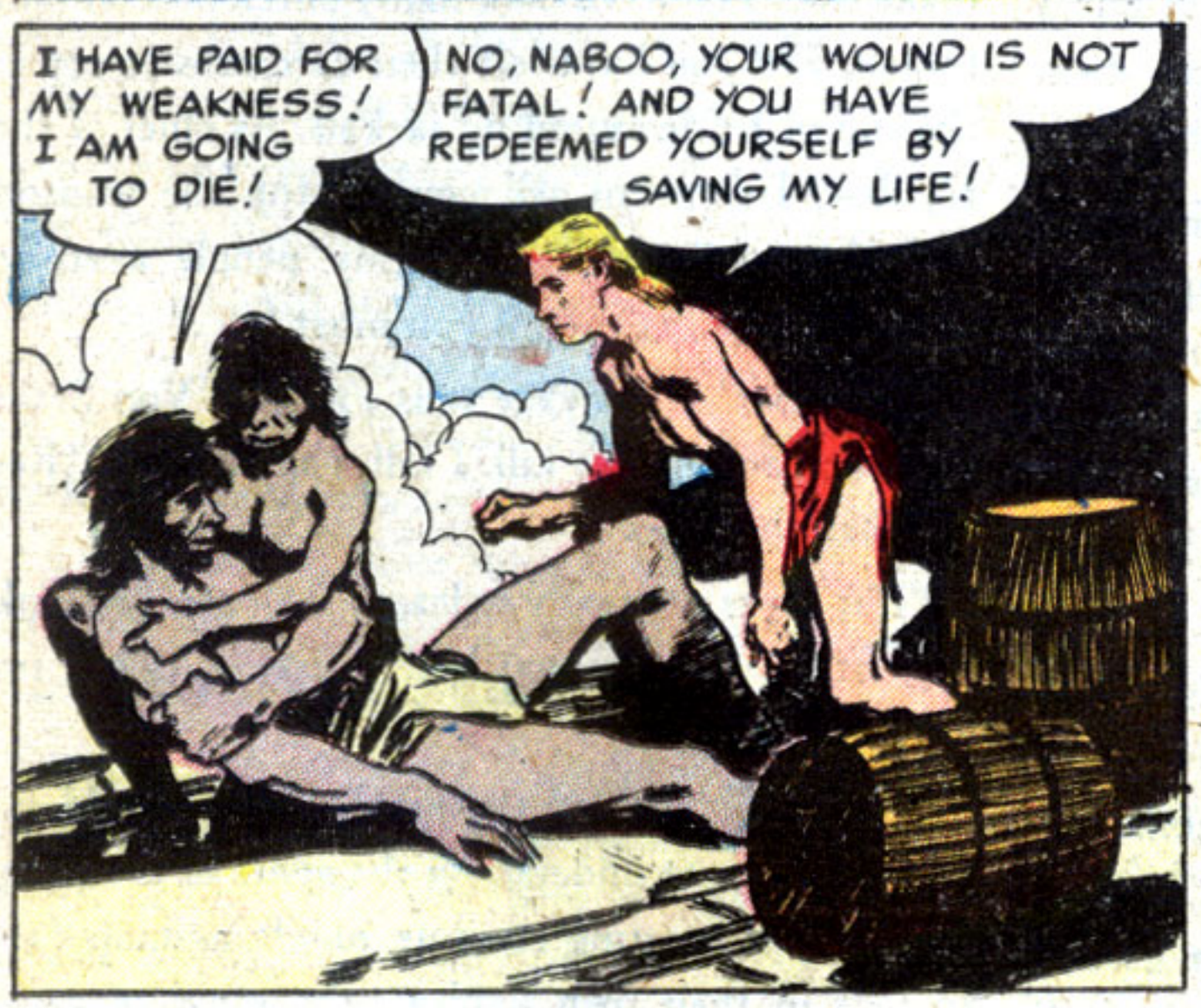
LUNGS BURSTING, WILD BOY STRUGGLES UNDER THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THE FALLS...



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A WILD CRY OF TRIUMPH, AND...







A TRIUMPHANT CARAVAN RETURNS TO THE LOST CITY...

LATER...

The Invincible Weapon

OSAN, Chief of the Ashanti Kyubas, was dying. The wound in his chest was deep, and he had lost much blood due to the jogging motion of the litter as two of the warriors bore him back to the village.

Young Kiota watched—head bowed. These were his father's last minutes of life. Osan ordered the others from the hut, and called his son to his side.

"Kiota, my son, there is much to say in but a little time. Heed my words, and take from them the wisdom that will make you a great chief."

The old chief paused. He gazed up at Kiota noting his anxiety and the quiver of his lips as the young prince fought against tears. Osan's next words surprised Kiota, for they were not the review of tribal law that the boy had expected. Osan hoped to leave his son with another kind of knowledge.

"We saw the white hunter come," he whispered. "We observed the actions of his entire party from the first day they set foot in our lands. We watched him kill with the great thunder stick, of which he was so proud. It was only after he had massacred a herd of antelopes that I took a small band of warriors and approached his camp.

"As we neared the camp the thunder stick barked. The white hunter warned us to cast aside our spears. He advanced with his weapon pointed at my heart, and upon his face was a smile of great confidence, for the weapon in his hands gave him power and courage beyond all measure."

" 'All right,' he said. 'Say what you have to say, and get out'!"

" 'The thunderstick,' I began, 'makes too much noise and kills too many animals, Frederik Von Staat—' "

" 'Ha! You know my name'!"

" 'The name and reputation of the hunter who kills for pleasure is known everywhere in the jungle,' I replied."

" 'Good! Then you know that I am law here just as long as I choose to remain. And to defy me is to invite death'."

" 'Your white man's weapon makes you strong, since it can kill so quickly. But I did not come to make war. You have slain many antelopes without reason, and you have left their carcasses to rot in the sun or be devoured by jackals. As chief of the Kyubas, I come to ask you to stop the wanton slaughter of animals which my people need as food. Kill the big cats, if you must kill'."

" 'Get out! No savage tells Frederik Von Staat what he can or can't kill. I kill what I please. Remember that'."

"But I was not ready to leave. 'Tell me, Frederik Von Staat, why do you kill? Surely it is not for food'."

"His laughter filled the jungle. 'Who would expect a savage to understand the sport of the hunt, the thrill of meeting cunning jungle animals face to face in their own habitat, the sense of great power that comes to a man who holds life and death in his two hands? You kill for your reasons. I have mine. There is enough game for both of us'."

" 'There are not enough antelopes. My tribe needs no more than two in seven days for food, but the antelope is sometimes swifter than the spear. He is difficult to hunt'."

"Von Staat laughed again. 'Spears! Knives! You are using the wrong weapons! What you need is one of these. Come closer, examine this weapon of mine. It is the most powerful rifle made, and the most accurate'."

" 'It is a fine weapon,' I agreed, looking at its polished metal and wood."

"I shrugged. 'However, we have found the spear and the knife more practical. Danger is often upon a man before he realizes it. Our weapons are swift and silent'."

"Von Staat laughed."

" 'Ha! The noise of the rifle is never heard by its victims, for the bullet has already found its mark. This rifle makes me master of the jungle—it makes me invincible'."

"I saw then the power which had taken hold of this man. It was useless to plead with him. He cared not for the welfare of my people. He would continue to kill when and what he pleased. I left him, and returned with my warriors to the village, where in council we spoke again of the threat which hung over every living thing in the jungle.

"There were several volunteers who would ambush the white hunter and kill him. But I reminded them of the missionary who had taught us that it was wrong to kill another human. We would have to wait until it pleased Von Staat to leave our territory in search of new and bigger game farther south. We could only hope that it would be soon. There seemed no other answer for a time, until one night in a dream I saw myself placing a basket of gold at the hunter's feet.

"It was like a prophecy. I awoke with a start. In the morning I gathered all the golden ornaments of the tribe, and placing them in a basket much like the one in my dream, I left the village for the camp of Von Staat.

"The spot was deserted. There were only scraps of straw and piles of rubble. Could Von Staat have tired of his sport? I was about to set forth on the return journey with the news, when I heard the terrible sound of the fire stick. There were other shots and I followed their source until I came upon the white party, encamped near the edge of a great clearing. Von Staat was there. He hadn't tired of his sport.

"I skirted the clearing. It was late afternoon when I found the white hunter resting under a paw-paw tree, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead. The great fire stick was cradled in his arms. I moved toward him through the underbrush until not more than thirty feet separated us. It was then I noticed a slight movement in the tree above his head . . .

"*Python!*

"I had drawn close enough to use my spear effectively. One powerful thrust would pin the huge snake to the tree and save Von Staat's life. I raised my spear and aimed carefully.

"Suddenly, Von Staat looked up. The rifle snapped from its cradled position and now was leveled at my heart. There was hatred and distrust in Von Staat's eyes."

" 'Throw your spear, you fool! Race it against my bullet'!"

" '*No!*' I shouted. 'Above you—a Python!'

"But he did not hear my warning, for my words were snatched from the jungle air by the deafening report of the fire stick. The bullet struck me and tore the spear from my hand. The huge snake dropped upon Von Staat and smothered him in its coils."

Osan's voice had faltered many times during the course of his story. Now, as Kiota bent over him, his whisper was almost inaudible. Von Staat's bullet, fired at close range, had taken its great toll, and was wasting Osan's strong body. He was very weak now, and though there was little time, he smiled, for there was little left to tell

His eyes had been closed. Now they opened and gazed at Kiota. "You have learned something from this story, my son?"

"Yes, father. Power is a blessing to be used wisely. I will try to remember—"

Osan's hand trembled as he moved it slowly under the leopard-skin covers of his couch. With great effort he pulled out an object.

"Here, my son, is something to help you remember."

The boy looked in amazement at the twisted bit of metal and splintered wood which the python had made of Frederik Von Staat's invincible weapon.

THE END

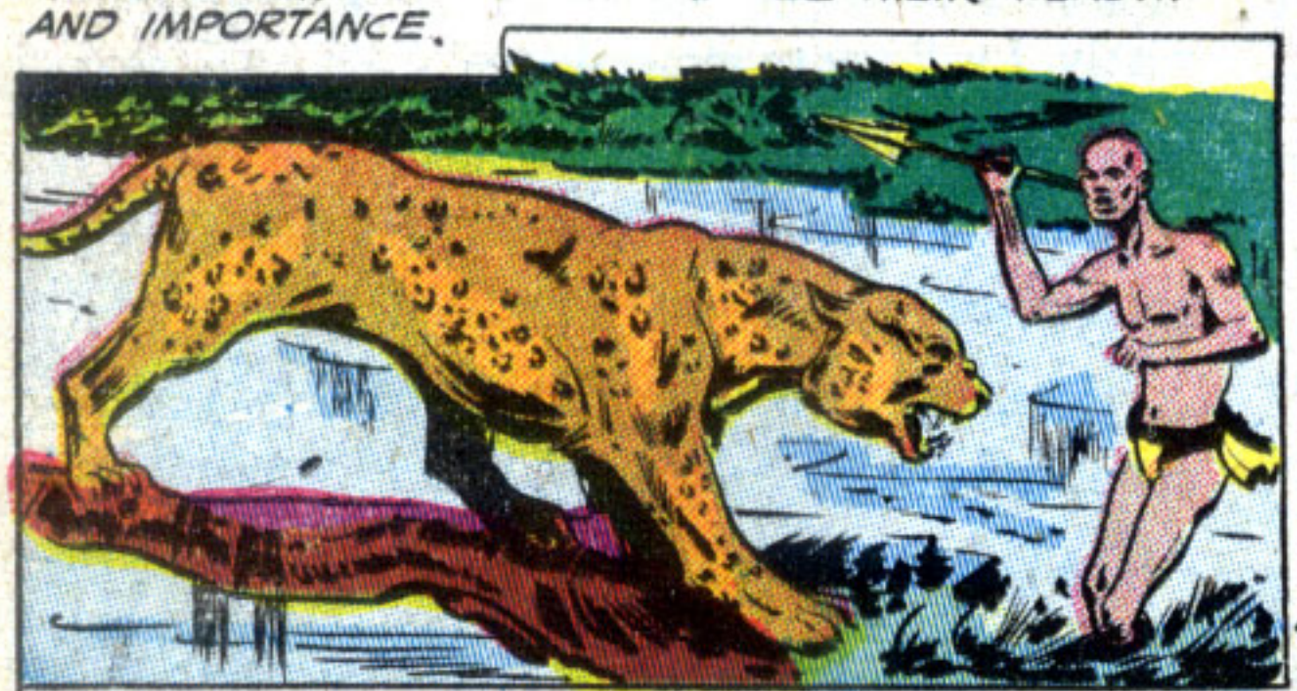
9168—1-P—DTS—3-5

The PEOPLES of AFRICA

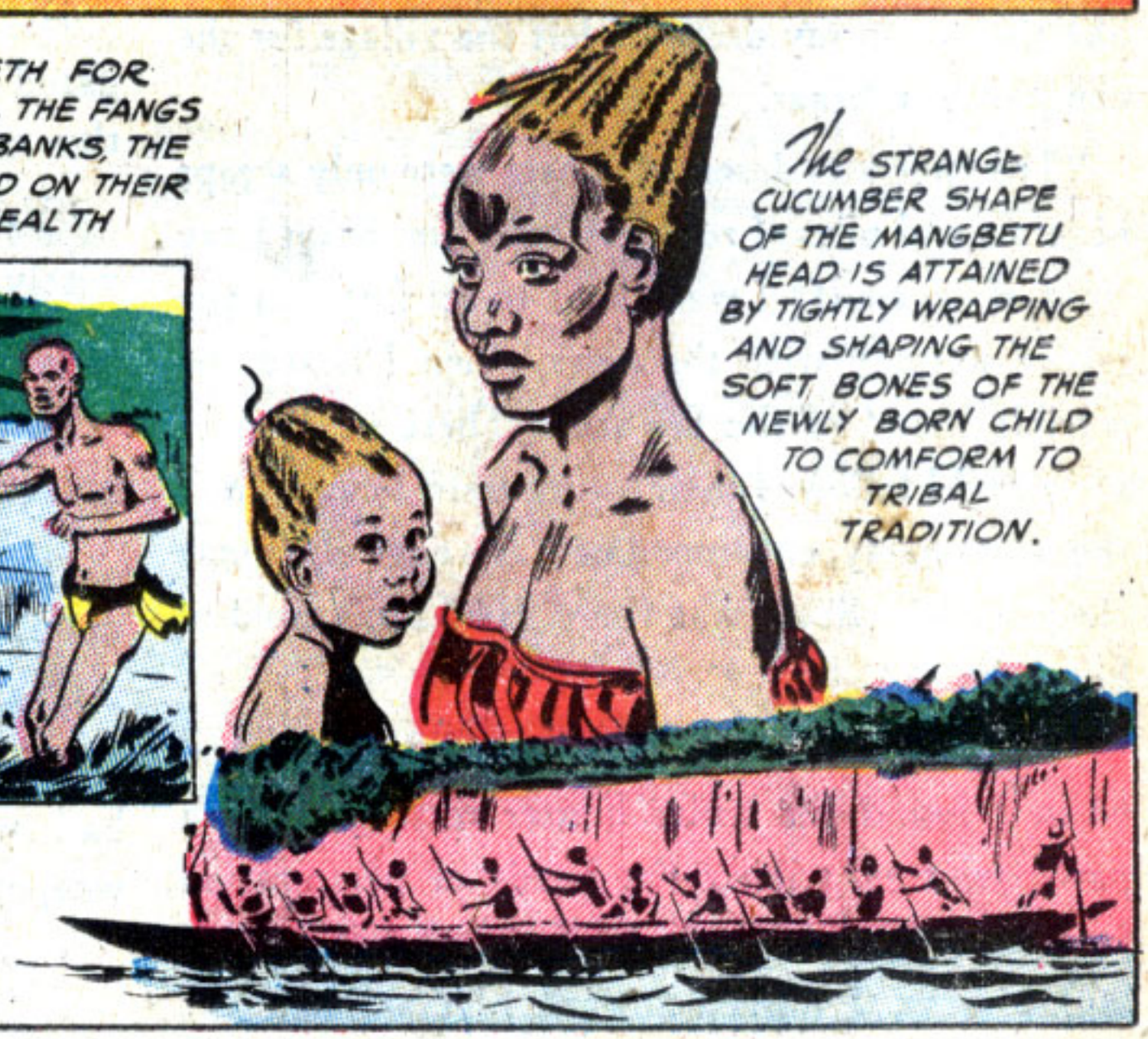
ZULU SORCERERS KNOW SECRETS OF MIND READING, TELEPATHY, AND HYPNOSIS THAT HAVE PUZZLED MODERN SCIENCE. THEIR MEDICINE MEN ARE EXPERTS IN TREATING TUBERCULOSIS, PNEUMONIA AND **CANCER!** THEIR METHODS HAVE PROVED EFFECTIVE ENOUGH FOR THE JOHANNESBURG WITWATERSRAND UNIVERSITY TO DEVOTE A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT TO THE STUDY OF NATIVE MEDICINE, MEDICAMENTS AND SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA!

ZULU MEDICINE MEN KNEW ABOUT SUBCONSCIOUS REFLEXES, PANIC, GUILT COMPLEXES AND THE RESULTANT EFFECTS ON HEART PALPITATIONS AND SWEAT GLANDS, **HUNDREDS OF YEARS** BEFORE OUR NEURO-PSYCHIATRISTS BECAME AWARE OF SUCH FACTS! CRUDE LIE DETECTOR TESTS HAVE BEEN USED SUCCESSFULLY IN ZULULAND FOR CENTURIES. A CIRCLE IS FORMED AROUND THE ACCUSED, AND DRUMS BEGIN TO BEAT. WHEN THE GENERAL FRENZY IS AT ITS MAXIMUM, ORGANIC CHANGES ARE NOTED BY THE MEDICINE MAN, WHO DETECTS THE GUILT IMMEDIATELY BY HEART PALPITATIONS AND THE ODOR OF PERSPIRATION.

THE MADUBU OF THE ITURI USE LEOPARD TEETH FOR CURRENCY. EACH TOOTH HAS A SPECIFIC VALUE, THE FANGS THE HIGHEST. HAVING NEITHER POCKETS NOR BANKS, THE MABUDA CARRY THE TEETH ON NECKLACES AND ON THEIR HEAD-DRESS, SO THAT ALL MAY SEE THEIR WEALTH AND IMPORTANCE.



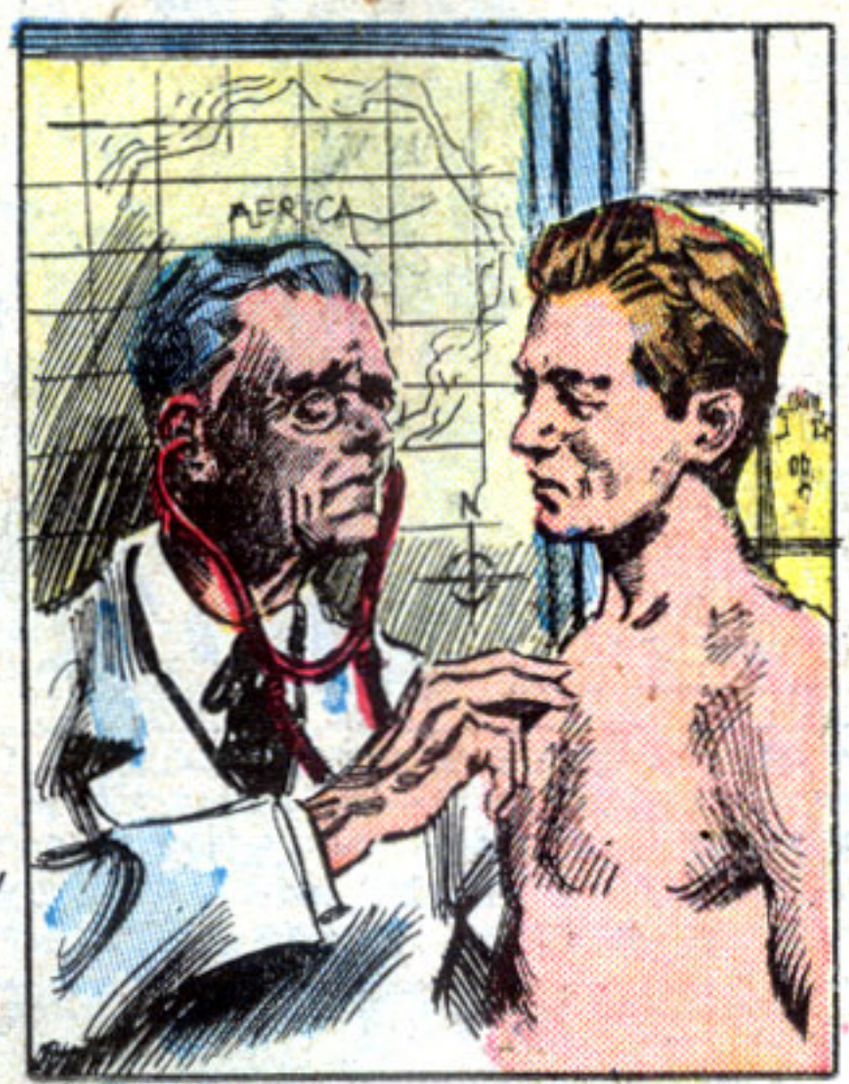
THE WAGENIAS CONSTRUCT CANOES THAT CAN CARRY UP TO **EIGHTY MEN** IN STANDING POSITION. A "COXSWAIN" KEEPS THE OARSMEN IN RHYTHM BY BEATING A TAMBOUR ON THE STERN.



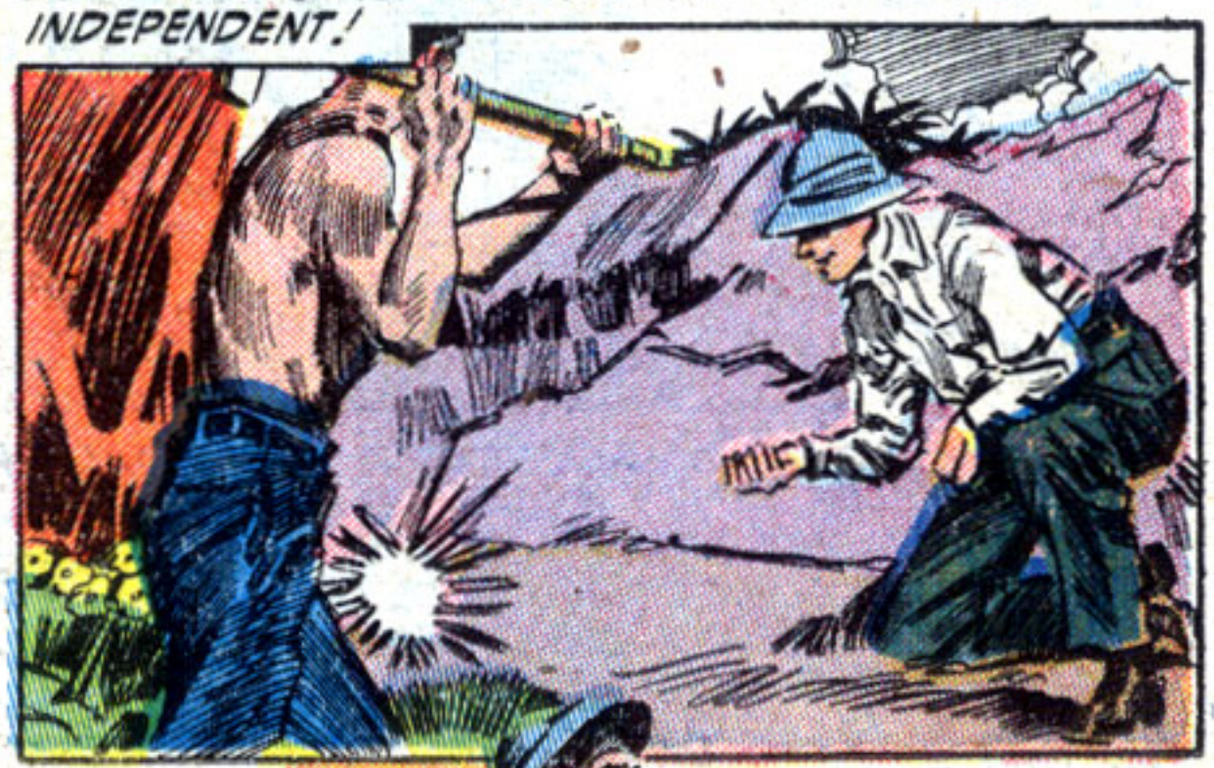
The STRANGE CUCUMBER SHAPE OF THE MANGBETU HEAD IS ATTAINED BY TIGHTLY WRAPPING AND SHAPING THE SOFT BONES OF THE NEWLY BORN CHILD TO COMFORM TO TRIBAL TRADITION.

CECIL RHODES, Adventurer -- Statesman

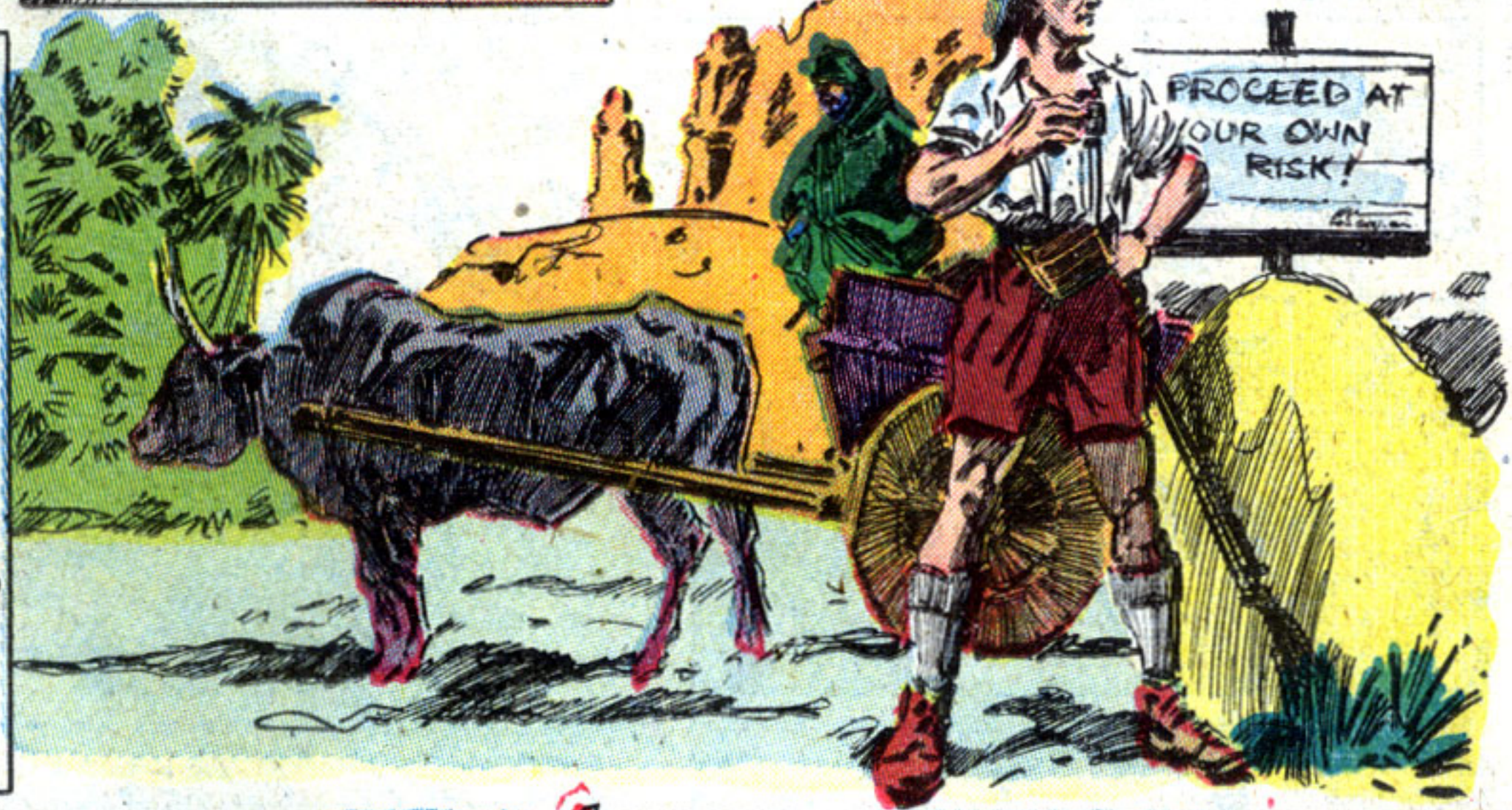
CECIL JOHN RHODES-(1853-1902) "THE FATHER OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA", WAS THE WEAKLING SON OF A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND! AT THE AGE OF 17 HE LEFT HIS NATIVE HERTFORDSHIRE FOR AFRICA IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO RECOVER HIS HEALTH! HE HAD BEEN TOLD THAT HE HAD **6 MONTHS TO LIVE!**



WITH HIS ELDER BROTHER, HERBERT, RHODES FOUND DIAMONDS ON HIS CLAIM IN SOUTH AFRICA'S KIMBERLEY DIAMOND FIELDS! THIS WAS IN 1871-JUST ONE YEAR AFTER HE HAD LEFT ENGLAND! AT THE AGE OF 18, RHODES SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF BOTH PHYSICALLY HEALTHY AND FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT!

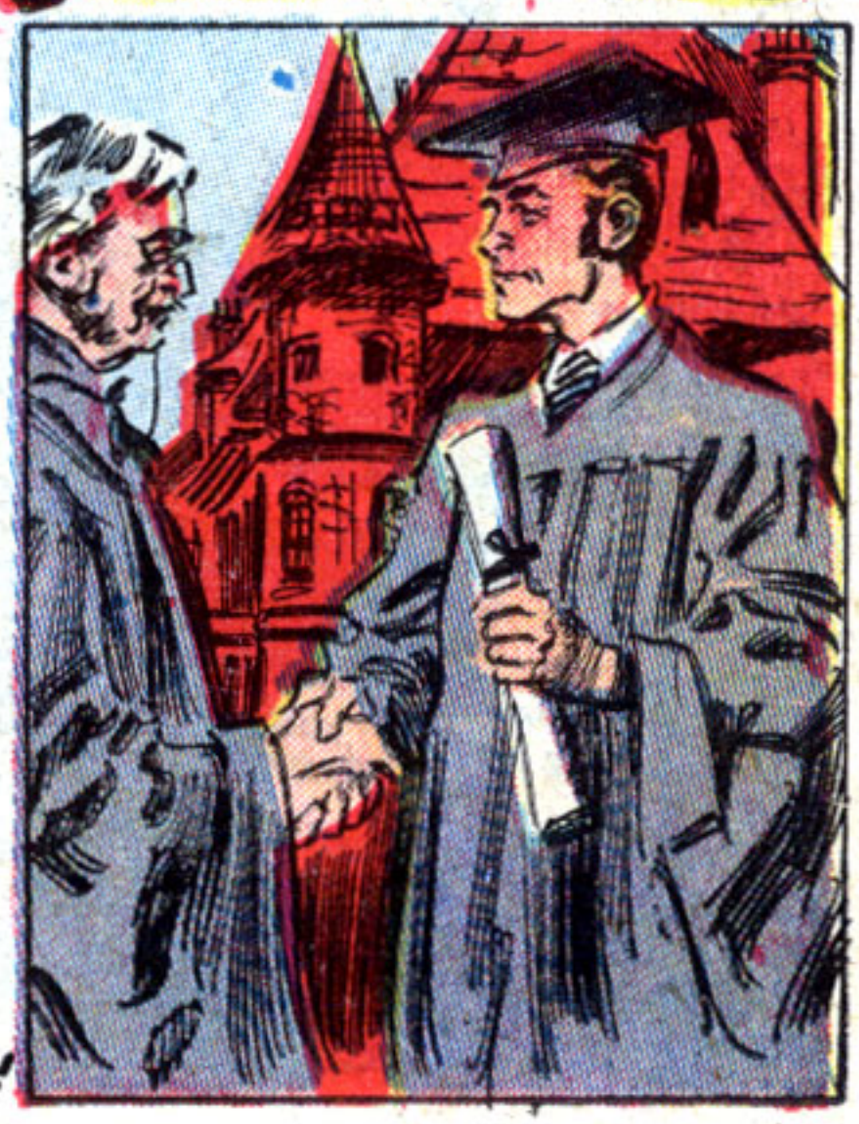


RHODES SPENT THE NEXT 8 MONTHS EXPLORING THE ENTIRE AREA OF WHAT IS NOW THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA! SEEING ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST AREAS HELD BY A HANDFUL OF DUTCH FARMERS, RHODES DECIDED TO SINGLE-HANDEDLY MAKE SOUTH AFRICA A PART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE!

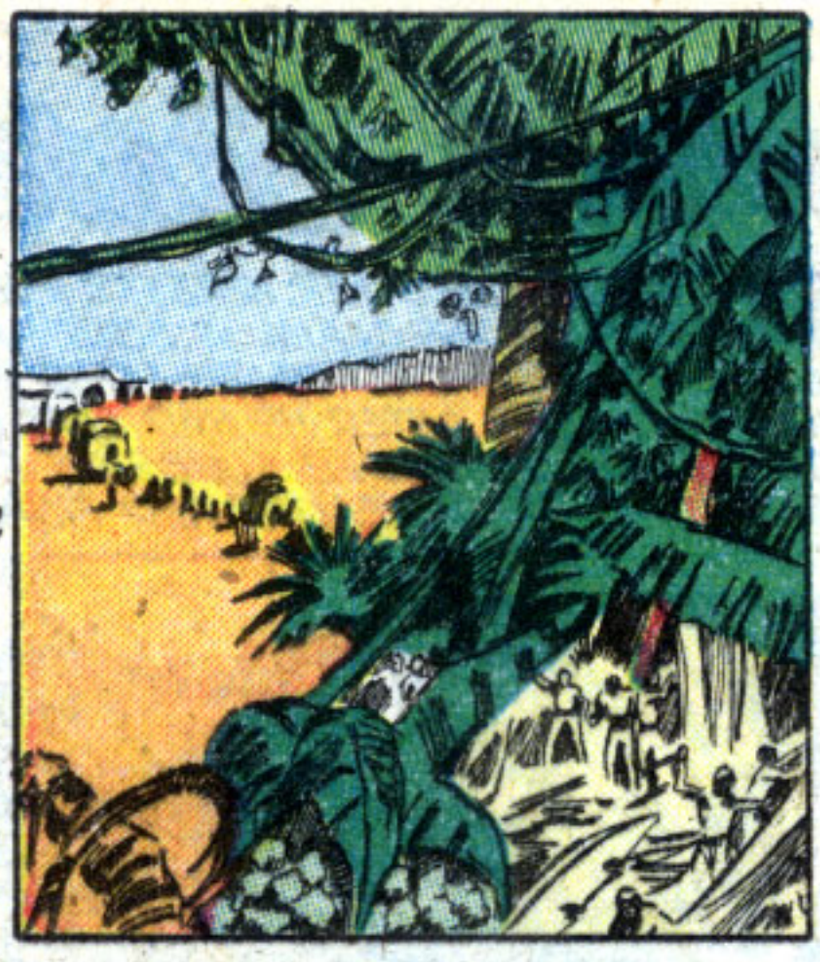


AS HIS FIRST STEP IN THIS CAMPAIGN, RHODES ENTERED POLICTICS IN THE CAPE COLONY, THE ONLY PART OF SOUTH AFRICA HELD BY THE BRITISH! AT THE AGE OF 22, HE BECAME A MEMBER OF THE CAPE COLONY CABINET!

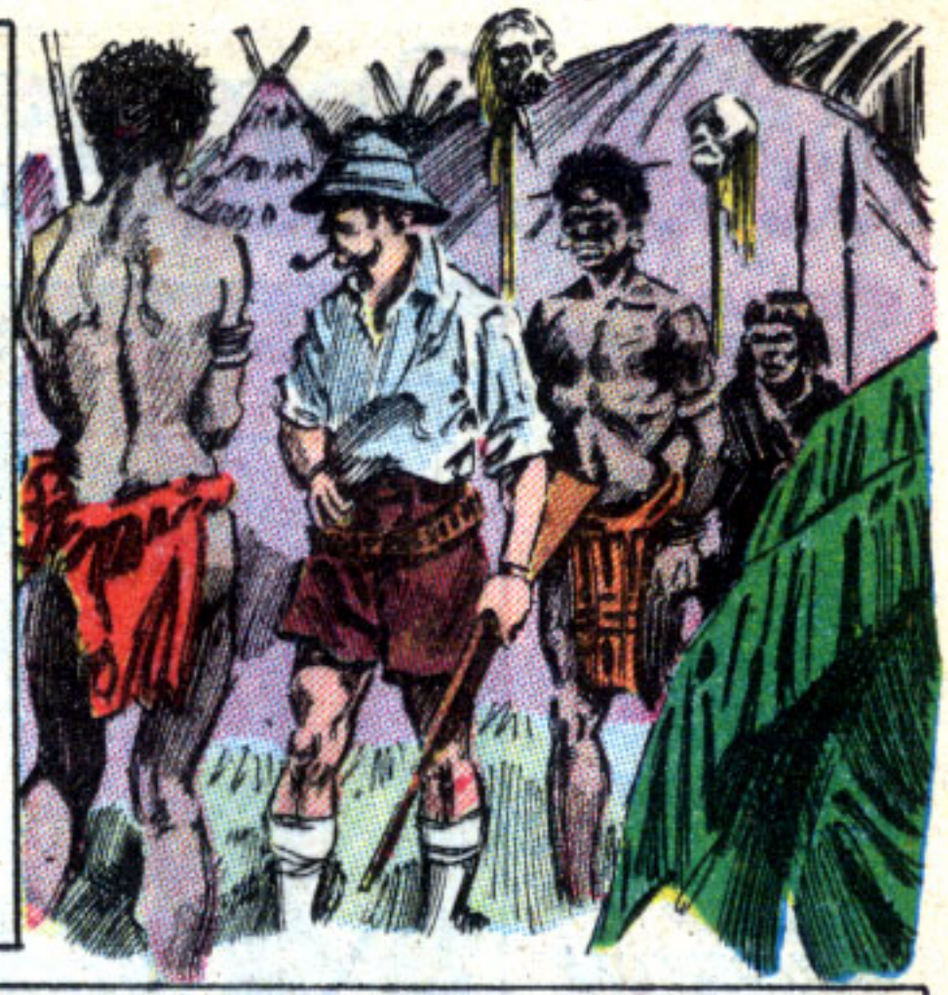
AT THE SAME TIME, BEGINNING IN 1873, RHODES SPENT PART OF EVERY YEAR IN ENGLAND, WHERE FOR ONE SEMESTER EACH YEAR, HE ENROLLED AT ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD! HE WAS GRADUATED IN 1878! HE WAS PERHAPS THE ONLY MAN IN HISTORY TO BE A MILLIONAIRE, AN OFFICER OF A GREAT CORPORATION, AND A MEMBER OF A BRITISH COMMONWEALTH CABINET WHILE **STILL AN UNDERGRADUATE!**



FOLLOWING HIS GRADUATION, RHODES EXPLORED THE RICH, NATIVE-HELD TERRITORY OF BECHUANALAND, TO THE NORTH OF THE BOERS' TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC!

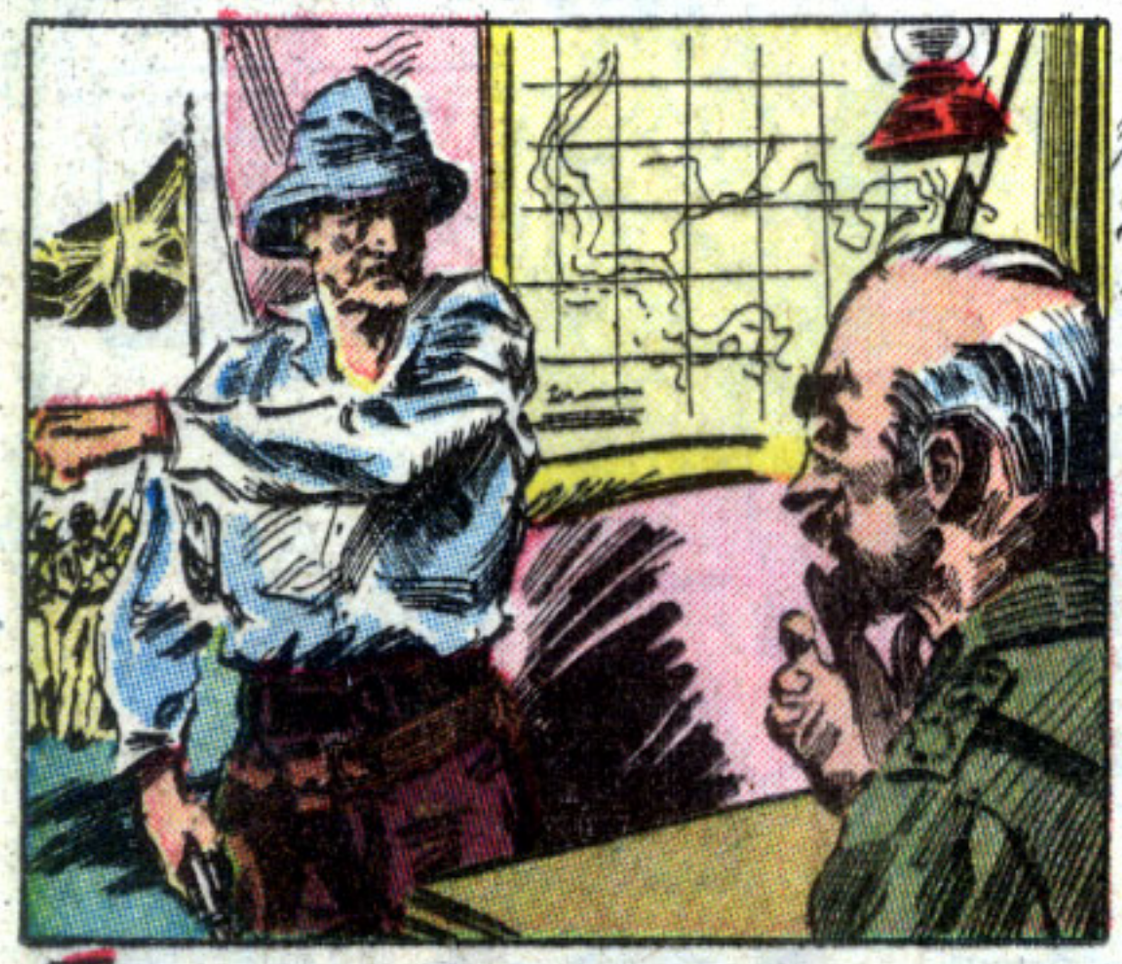


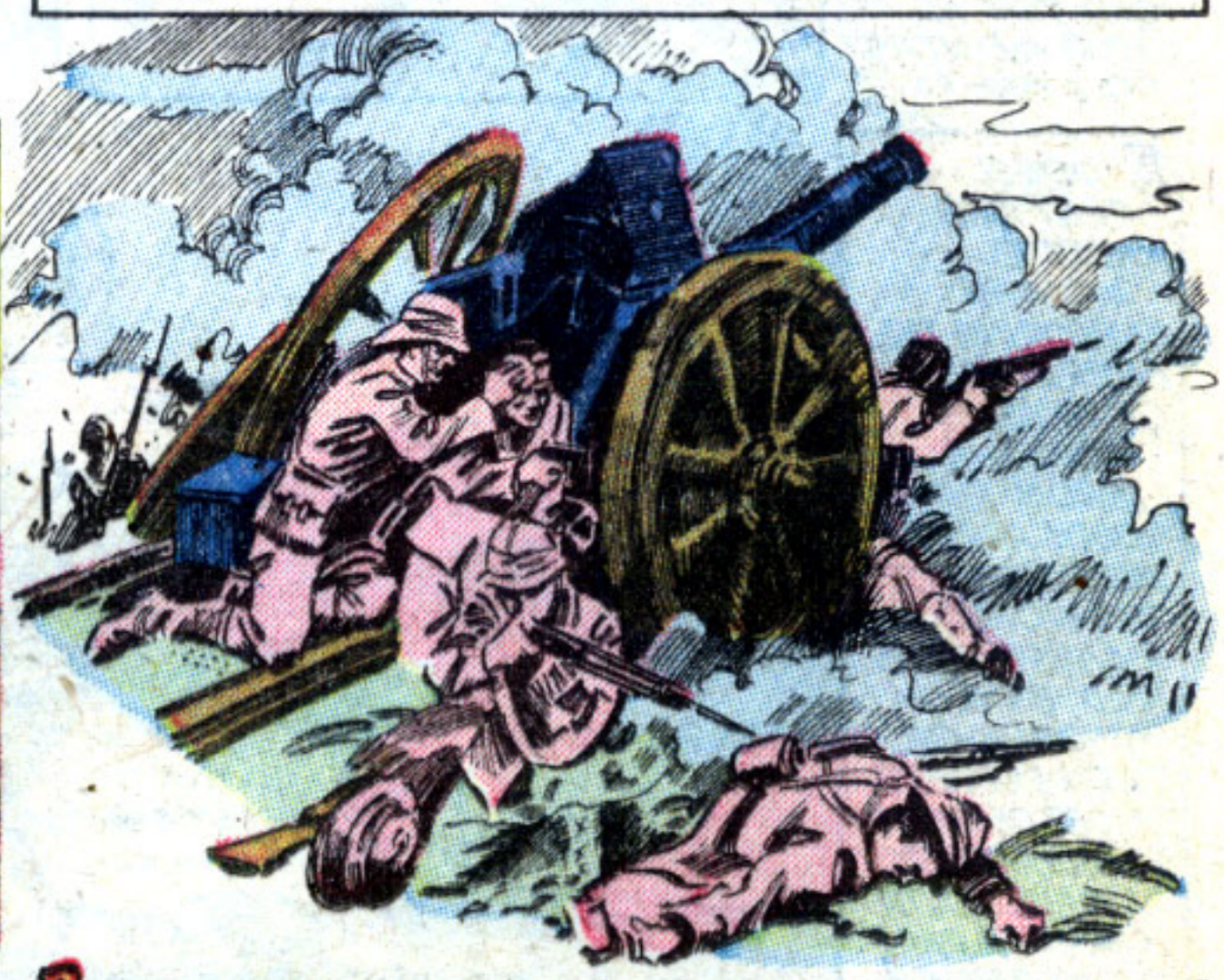
IN 1881, RHODES CONCLUDED A TREATY WITH MANKODOANE, KING OF SOUTHERN BECHUANALAND, IN WHICH THE KING CEDED HIS COUNTRY TO THE BRITISH CROWN! THIS ENRAGED THE BOERS, WHO FOUND THEMSELVES ALMOST SURROUNDED BY BRITISH-HELD TERRITORY!



PAUL KRUGER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC, IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO HARASS THE BRITISH SETTLERS WITH HIS HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-MOVING BOER COMMANDOS! RHODES REPLIED TO KRUGER'S USE OF FORCE BY IMPORTING LARGE NUMBERS OF BRITISH REGULARS! FACED WITH A SEA OF REDCOATS, KRUGER BACKED DOWN!

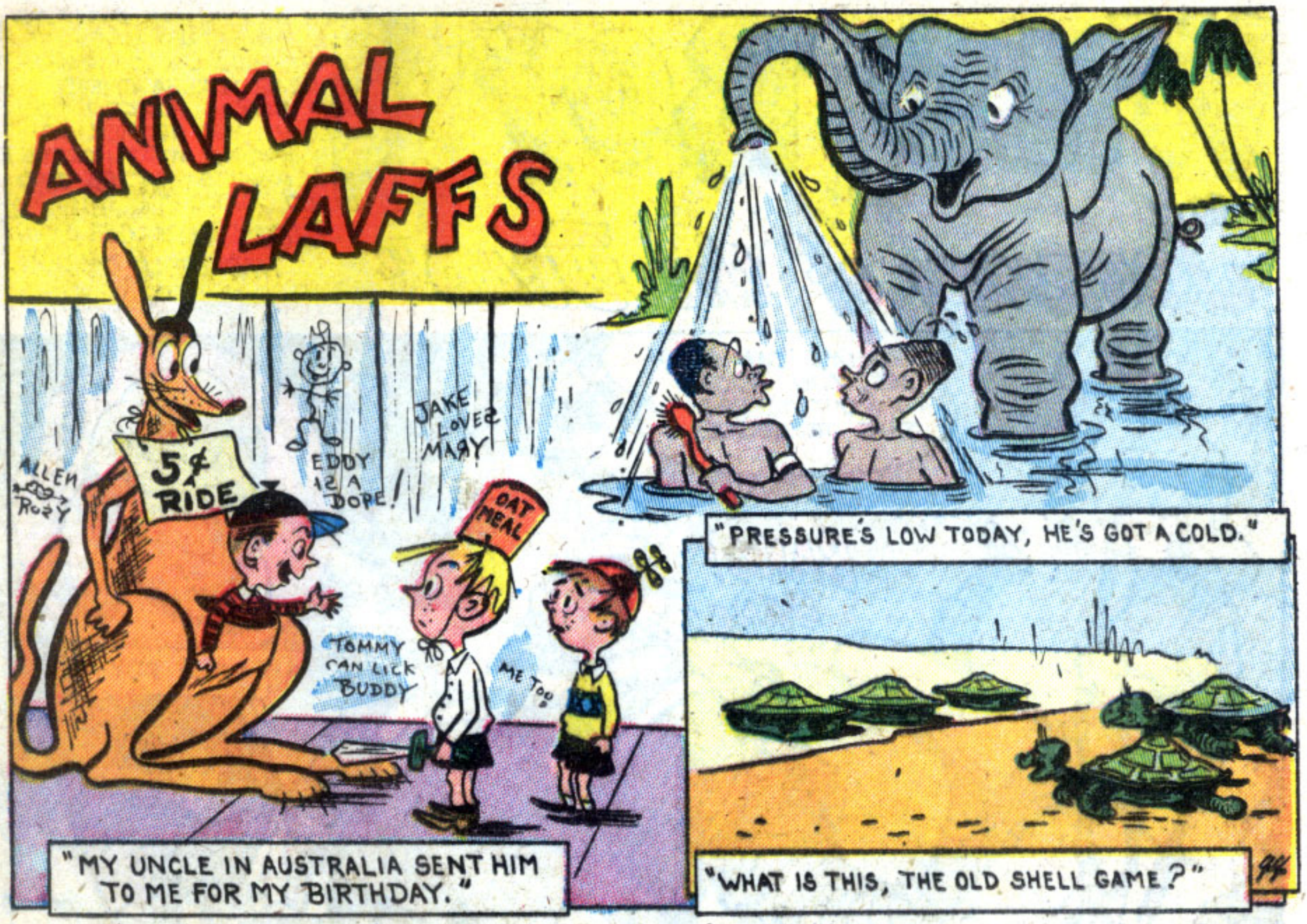
IN 1896 RHODES SECRETLY BACKED AND ORGANIZED THE JAMESON RAID—AN ARMED REVOLT BY BRITISH PARTISANS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC! THE REVOLT WAS SPEEDILY CRUSHED AND RHODES' PART IN IT WAS EXPOSED!



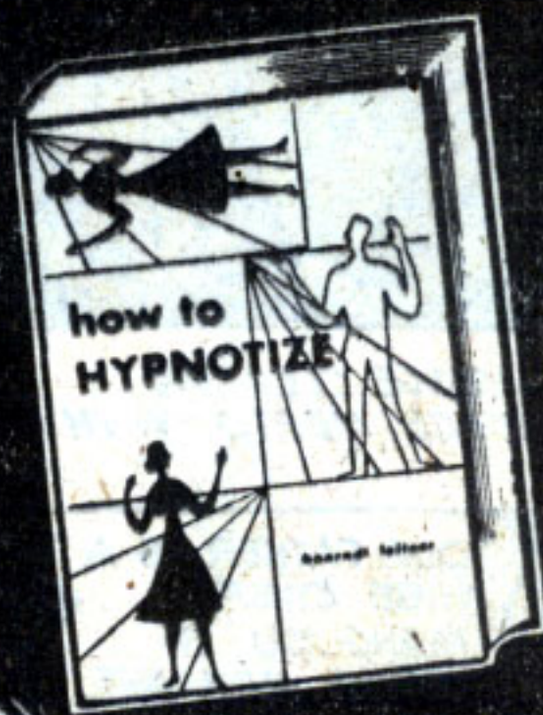


THE REVELATION THAT HE HAD PLANNED THE JAMESON RAID ENDED RHODES' POLITICAL CAREER! IN ECLIPSE IN SOUTH AFRICA PROPER, HE DEVOTED MOST OF THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE TO THE EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE GREAT COLONY OF RHODESIA, WHICH WAS NAMED FOR HIM!

RHODES DIED AT MUIZENBURG, NEAR CAPETOWN, IN 1902, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BOER WAR! A SHORT TIME AFTER HIS DEATH, HIS DREAM WAS REALIZED—SOUTH AFRICA WAS BRITISH! TODAY, THIS INTREPID EXPLORER-STATESMAN IS BEST REMEMBERED FOR HIS LEGACY OF RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS—UNDER WHICH MEN FROM ALL OVER THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD ARE SUBSIDIZED TO COME TO OXFORD TO STUDY!



HOW TO HYPNOTIZE



IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

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WILD BOY in "JOURNEY of the DEAD"

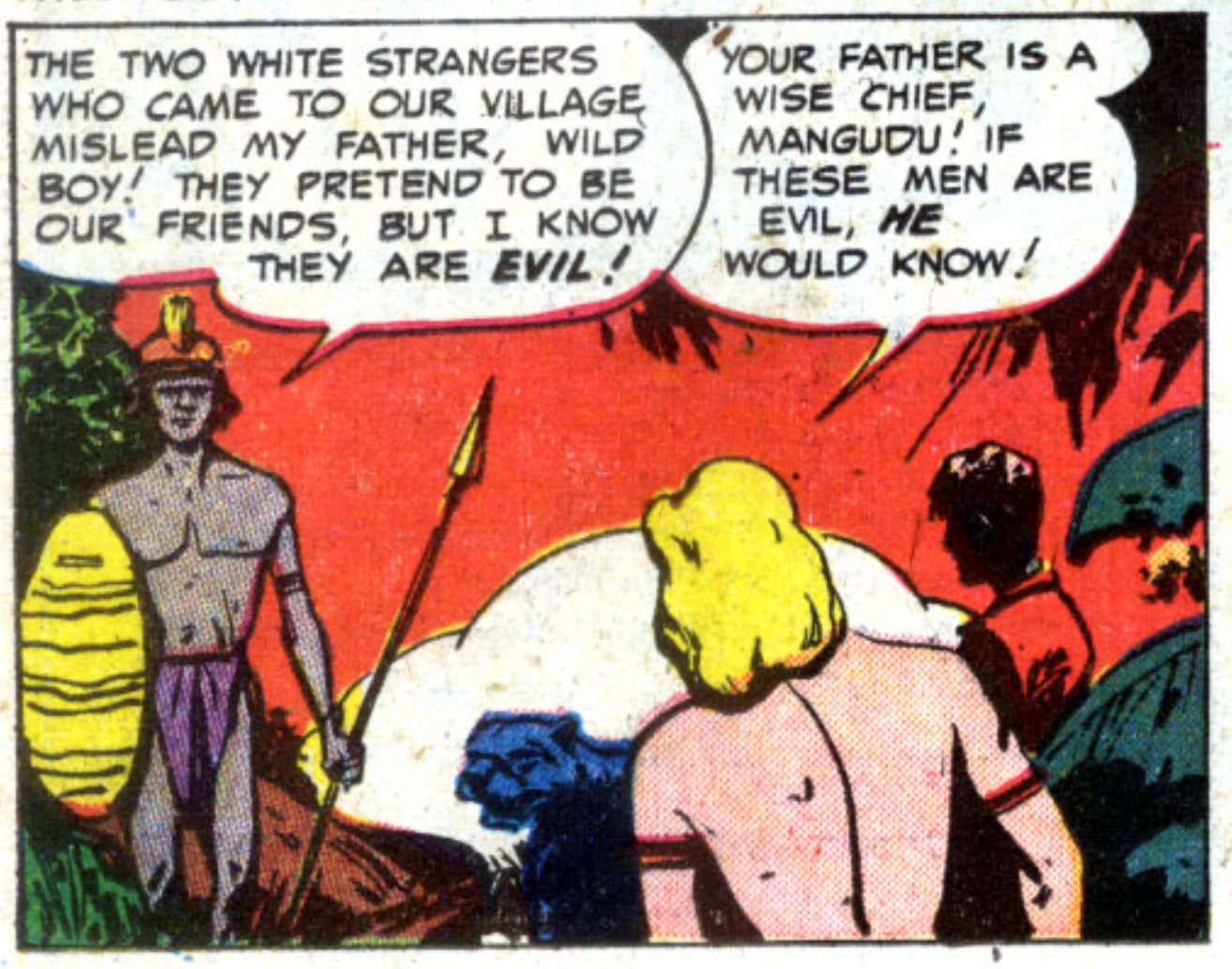
WHEN AN EVIL MAN DARES TO TRAIL THE SACRED ELEPHANT TO THE BURIAL GROUNDS OF THE DEAD-YORUBA CHIEFS, *WILD BOY* IS FORCED TO FOLLOW. YET NEITHER OF THEM KNOWS WHAT HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS THOSE WHO WOULD MAKE THE ... *"JOURNEY OF THE DEAD!"*

NO ONE CAN STOP ME, YOU FOOL! I'M OUT TO GET THAT TREASURE!

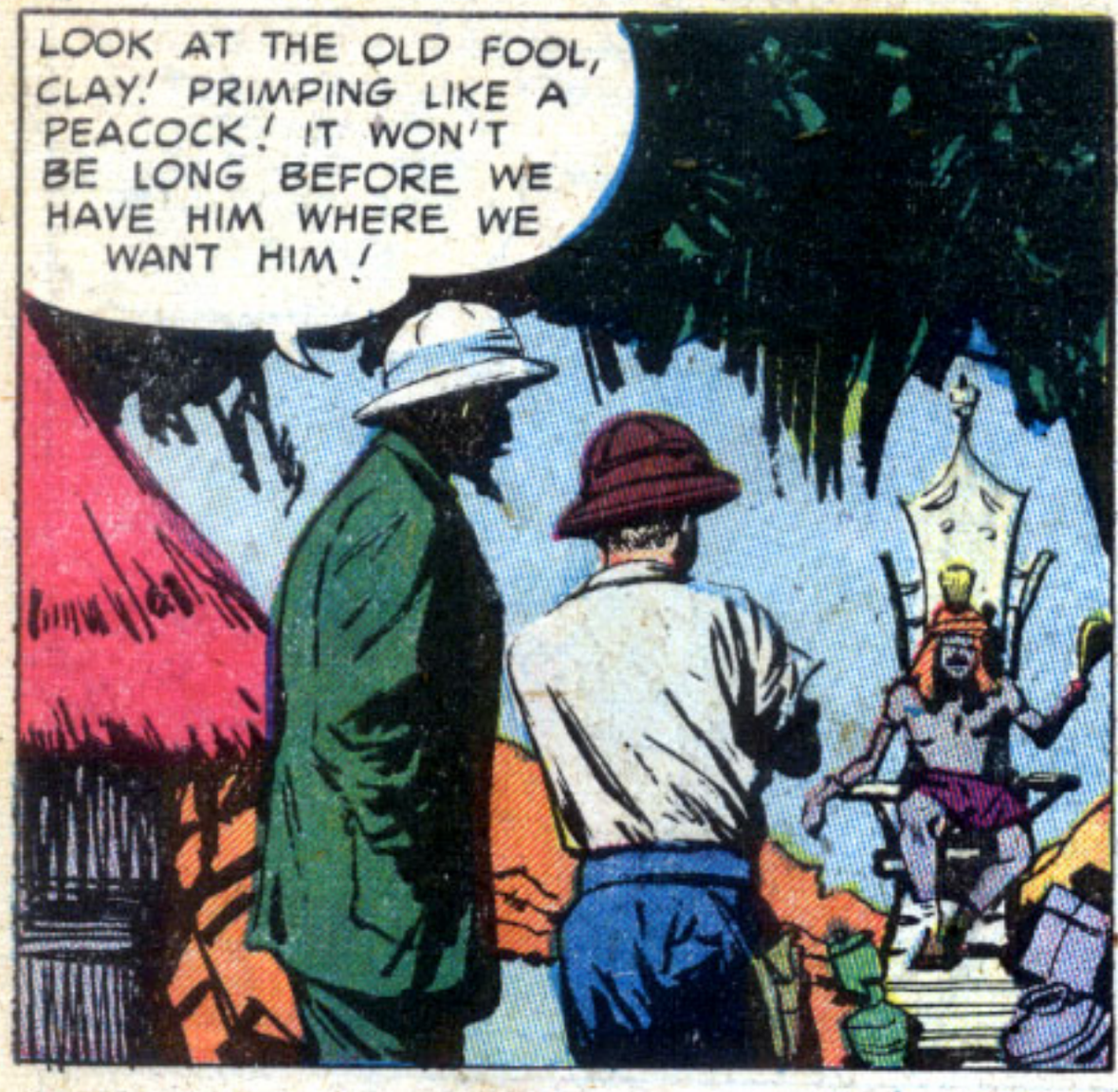
BANG! BANG!

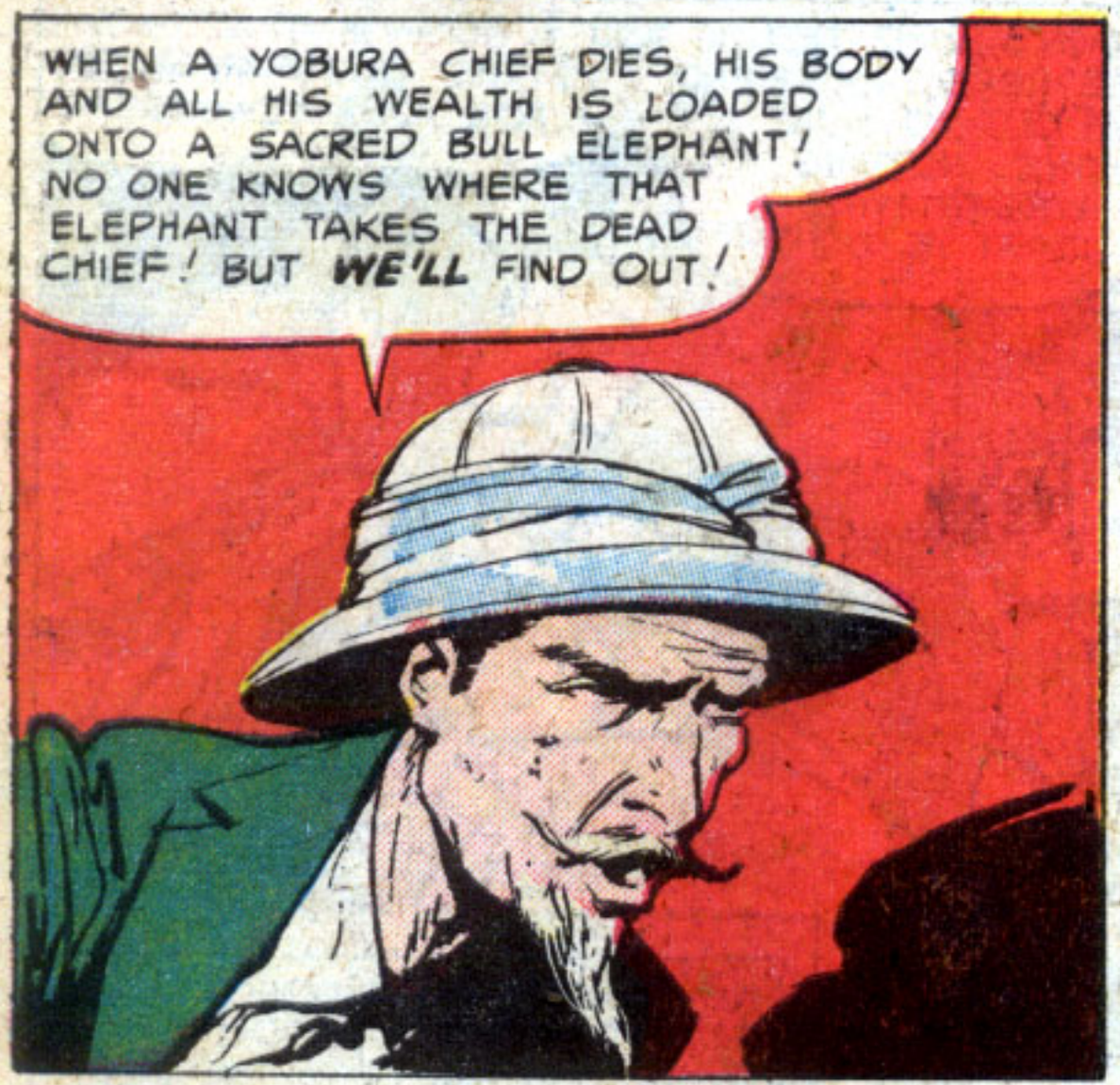
WILD BOY

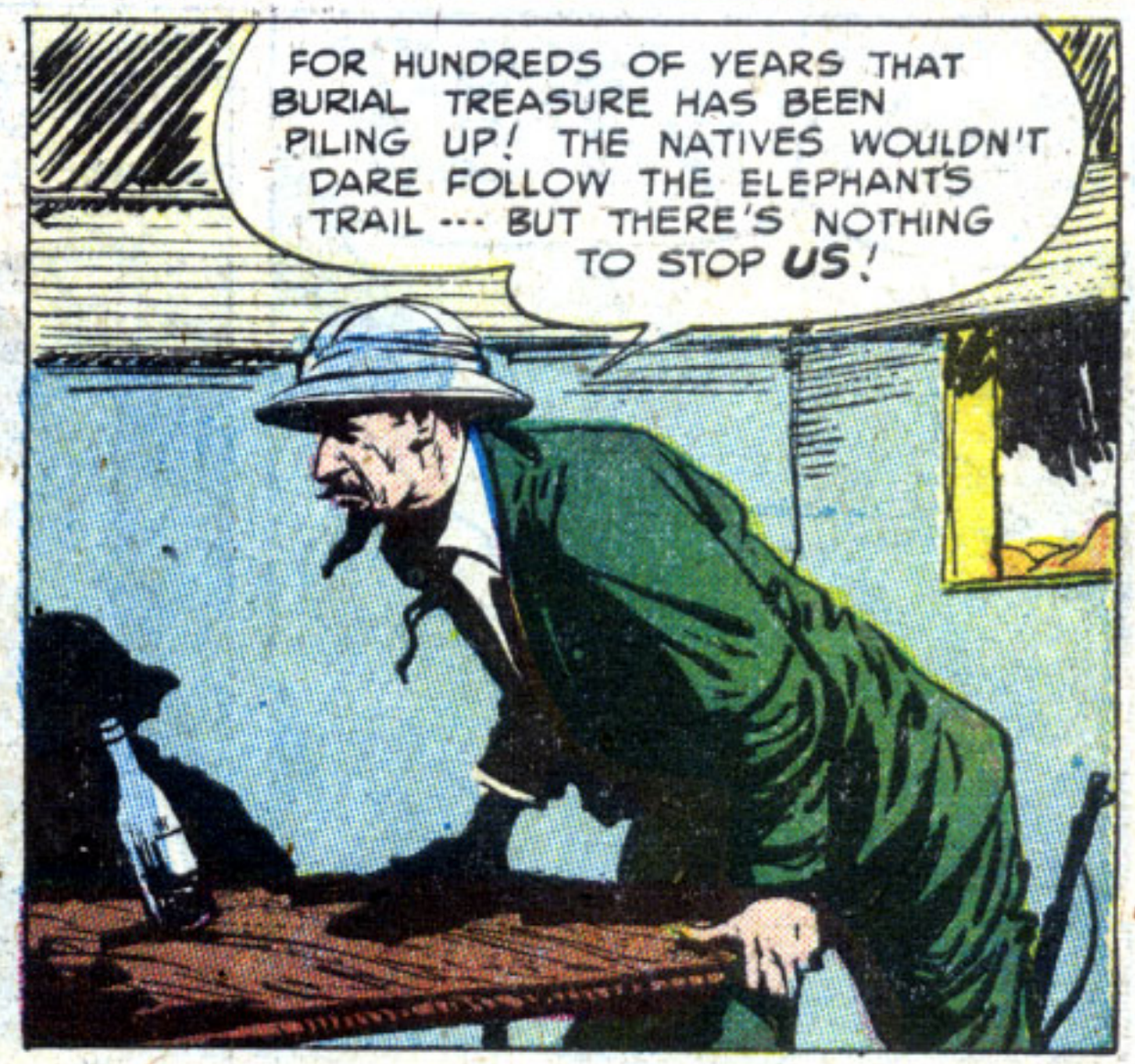
OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL JUNGLE CLEARING. MANGUDU, THE YOUNG YORUBA PRINCE, MEETS WITH *WILD BOY* AND *KEETO*...



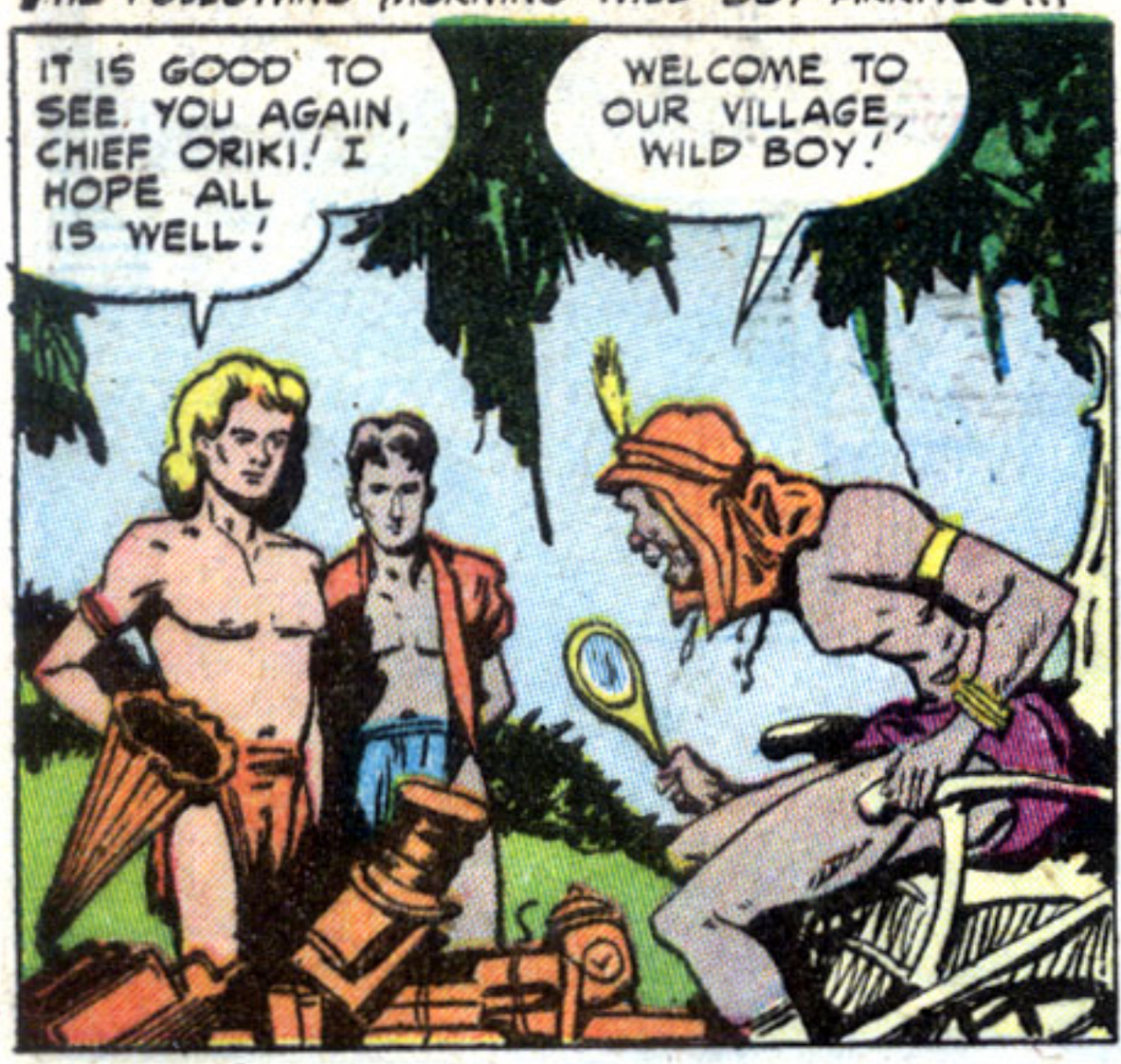
MEANWHILE, IN THE YORUBA VILLAGE ...

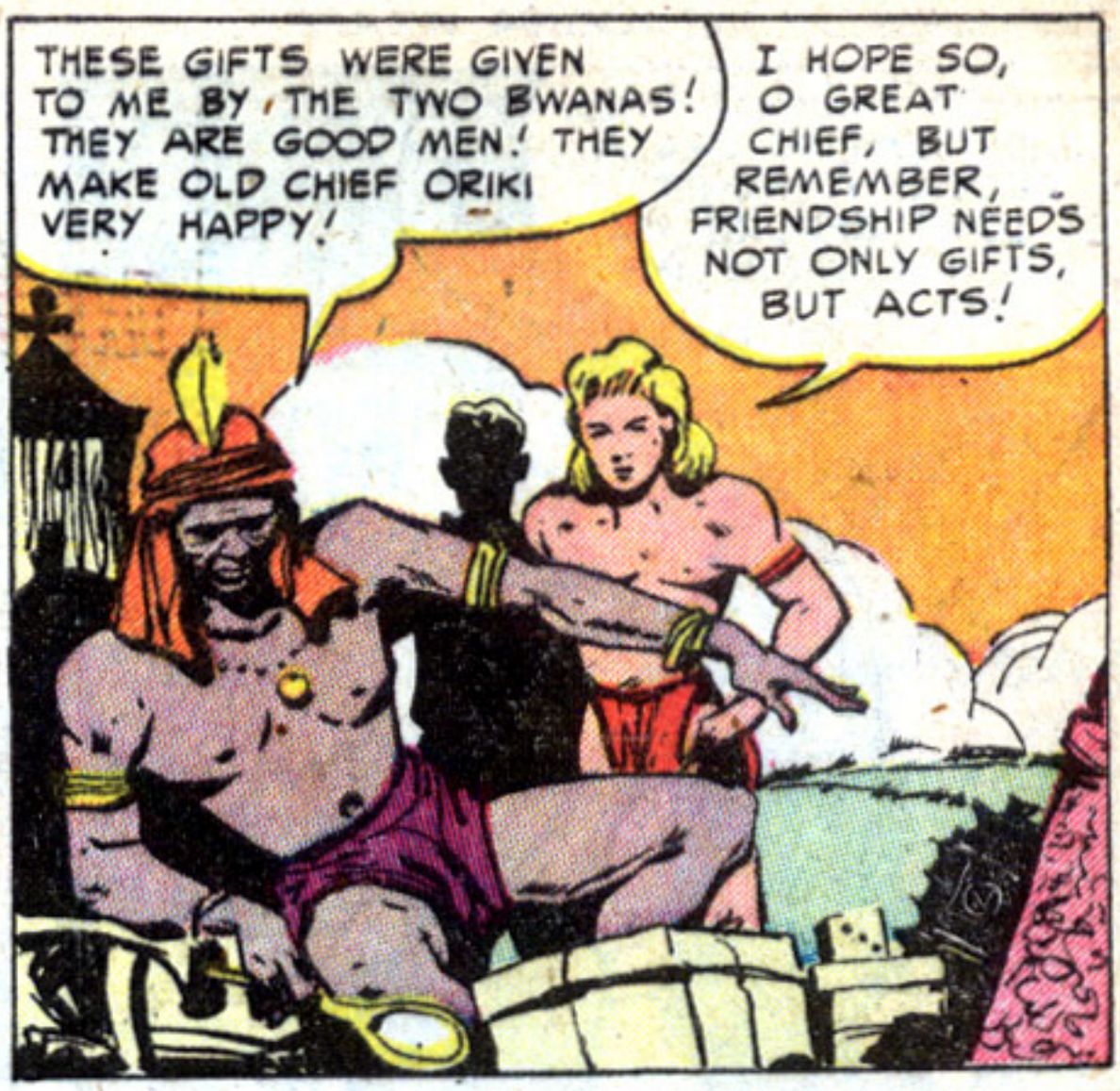


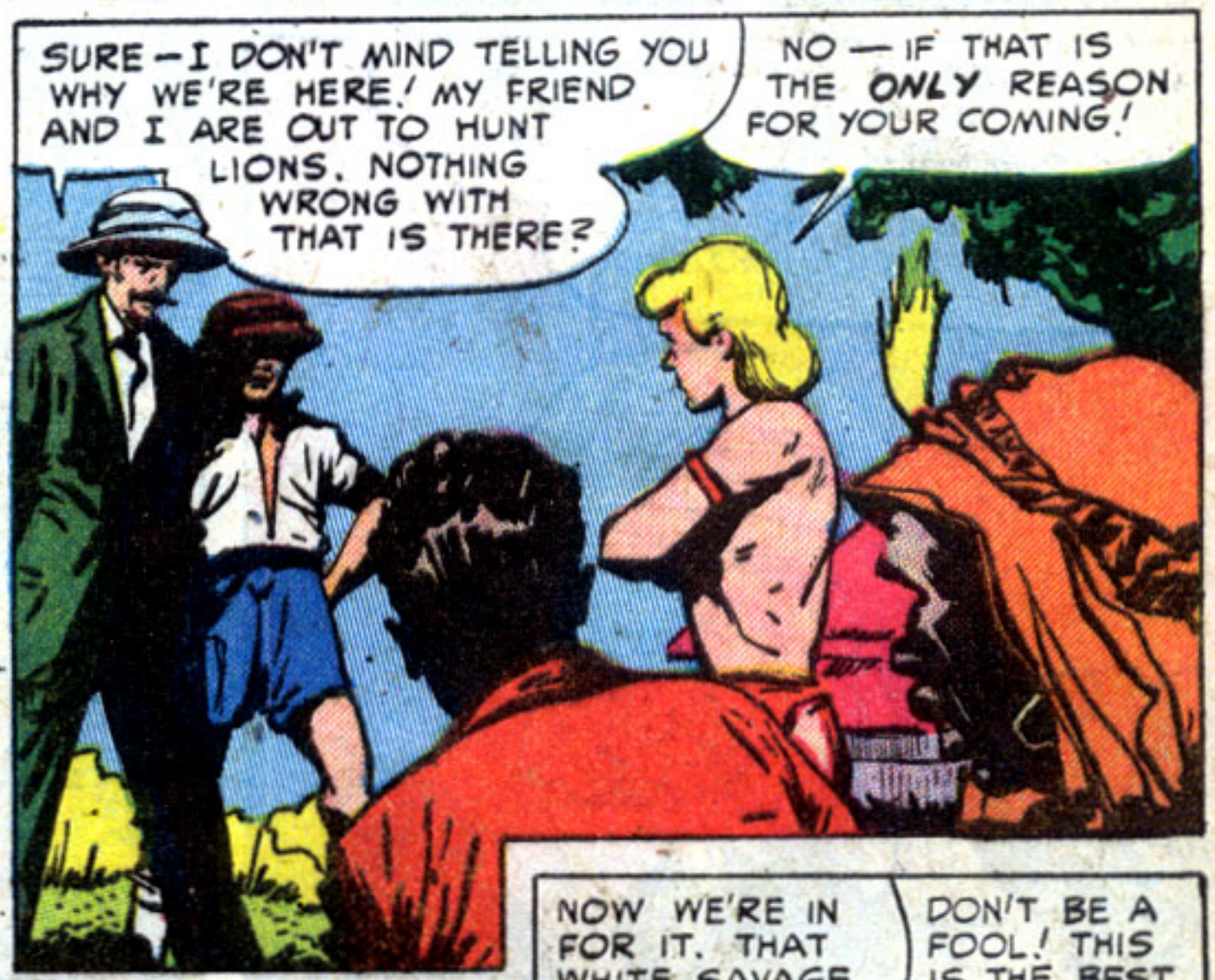


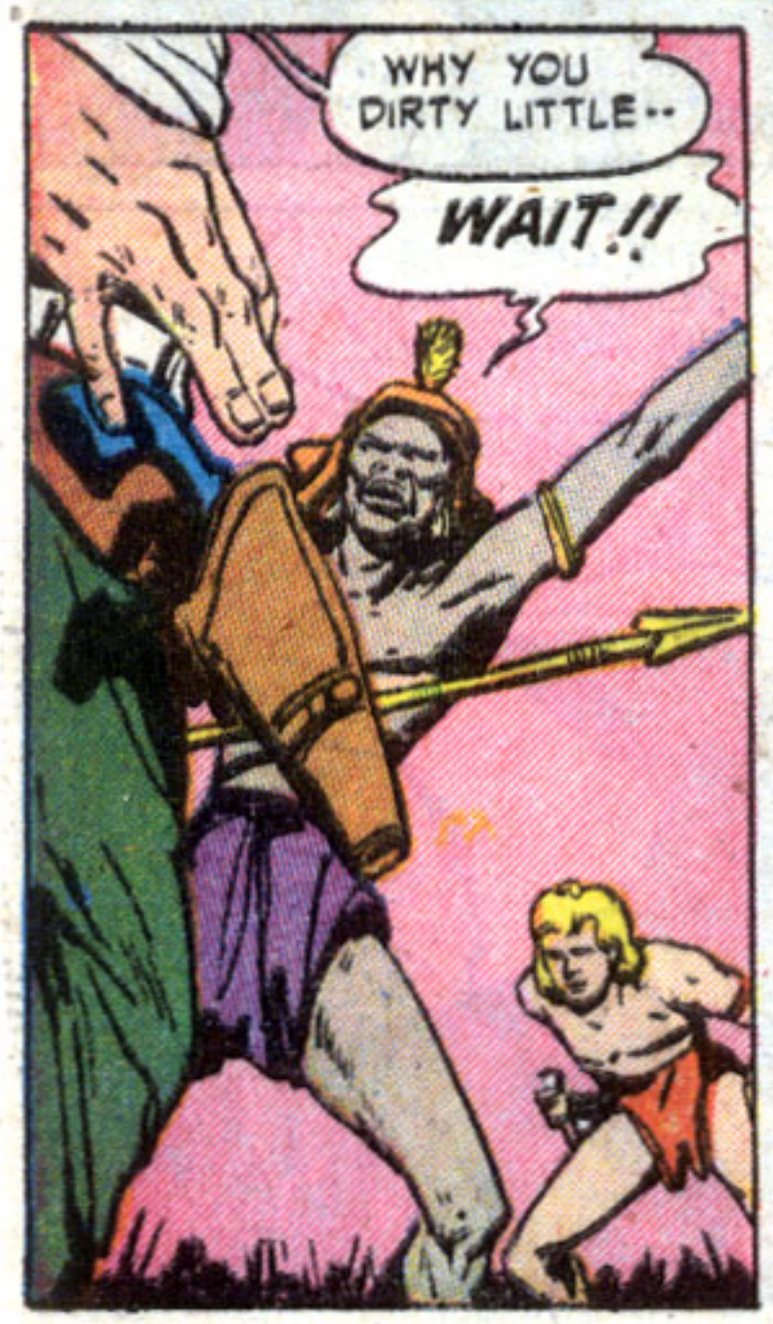


THE FOLLOWING MORNING WILD BOY ARRIVES...



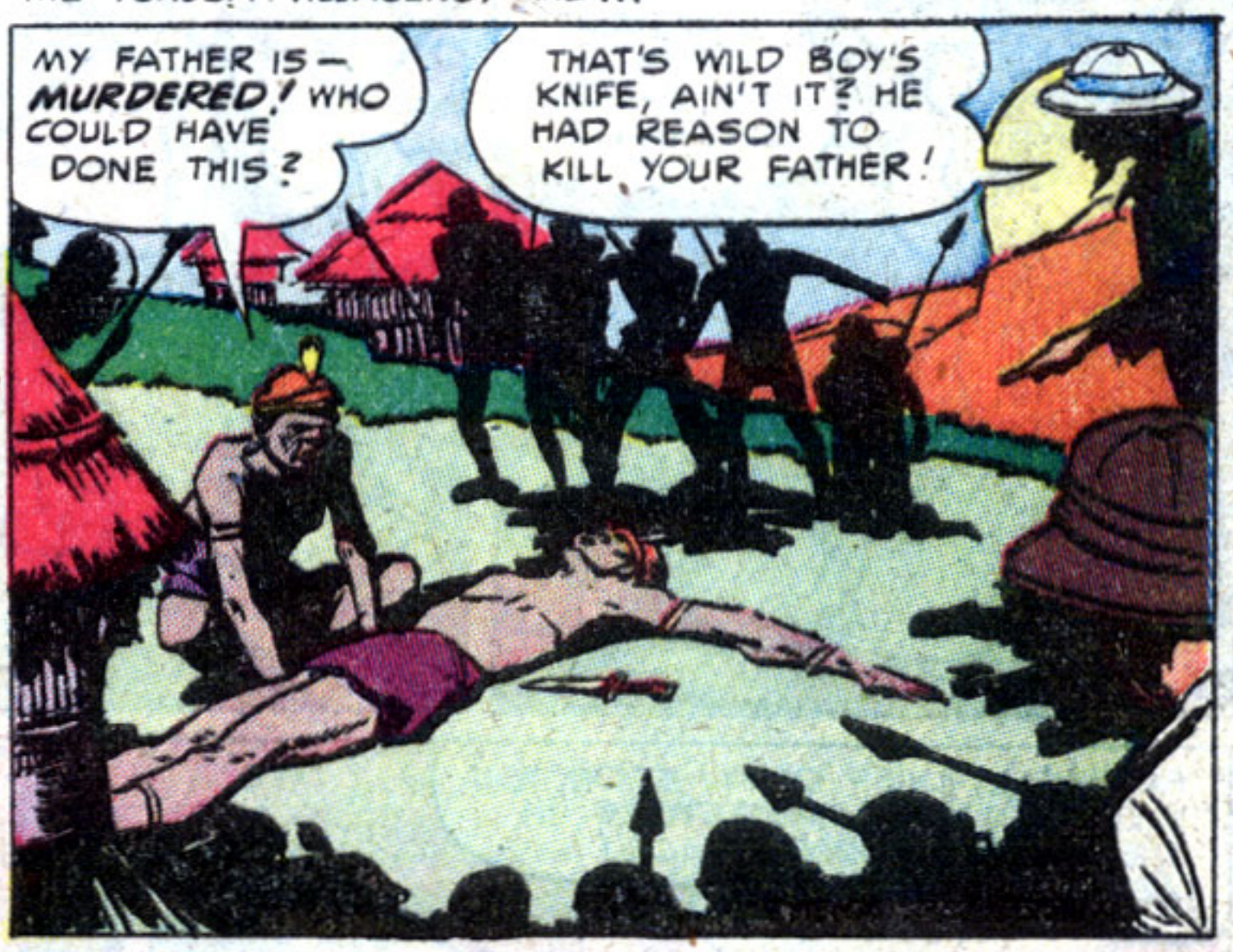


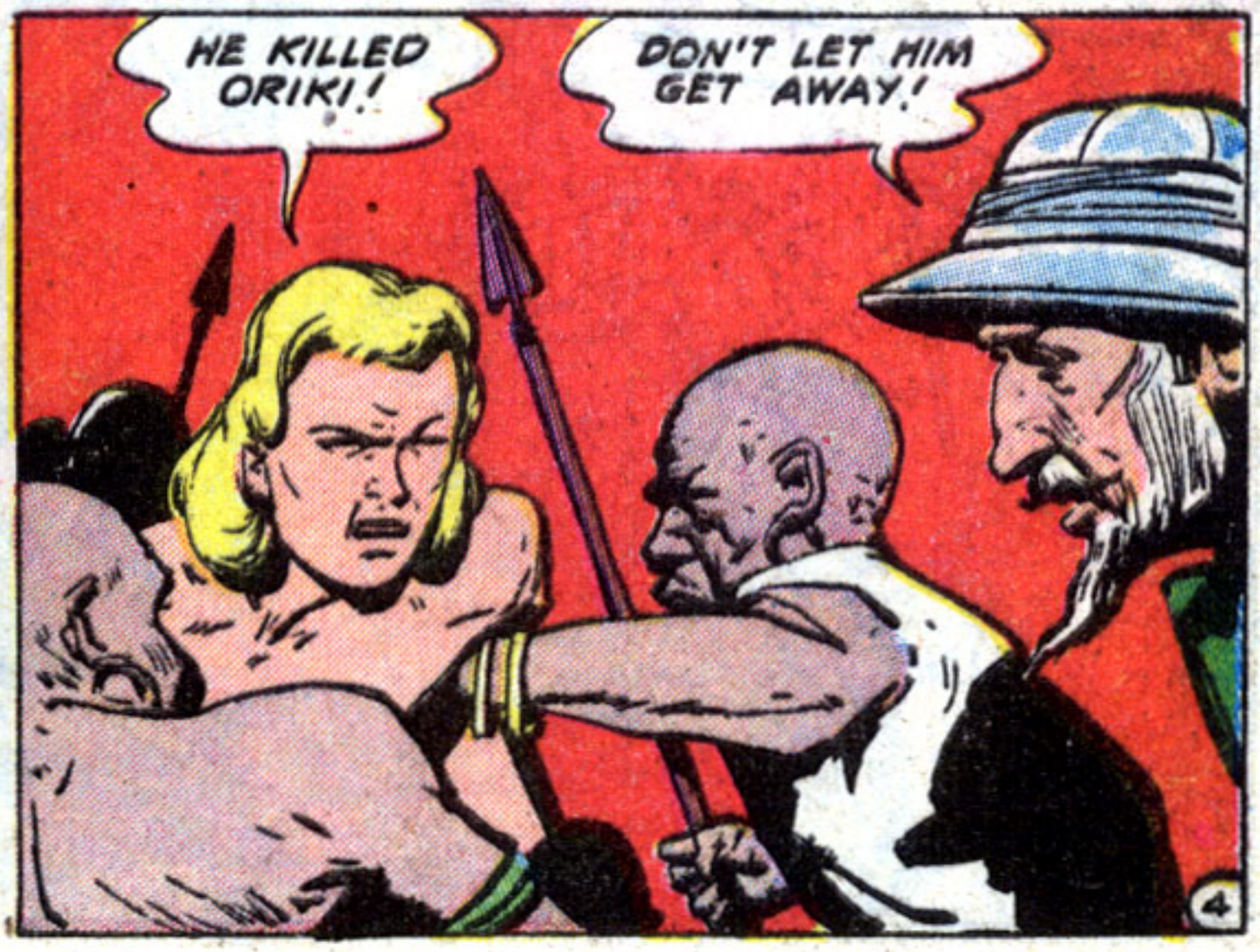


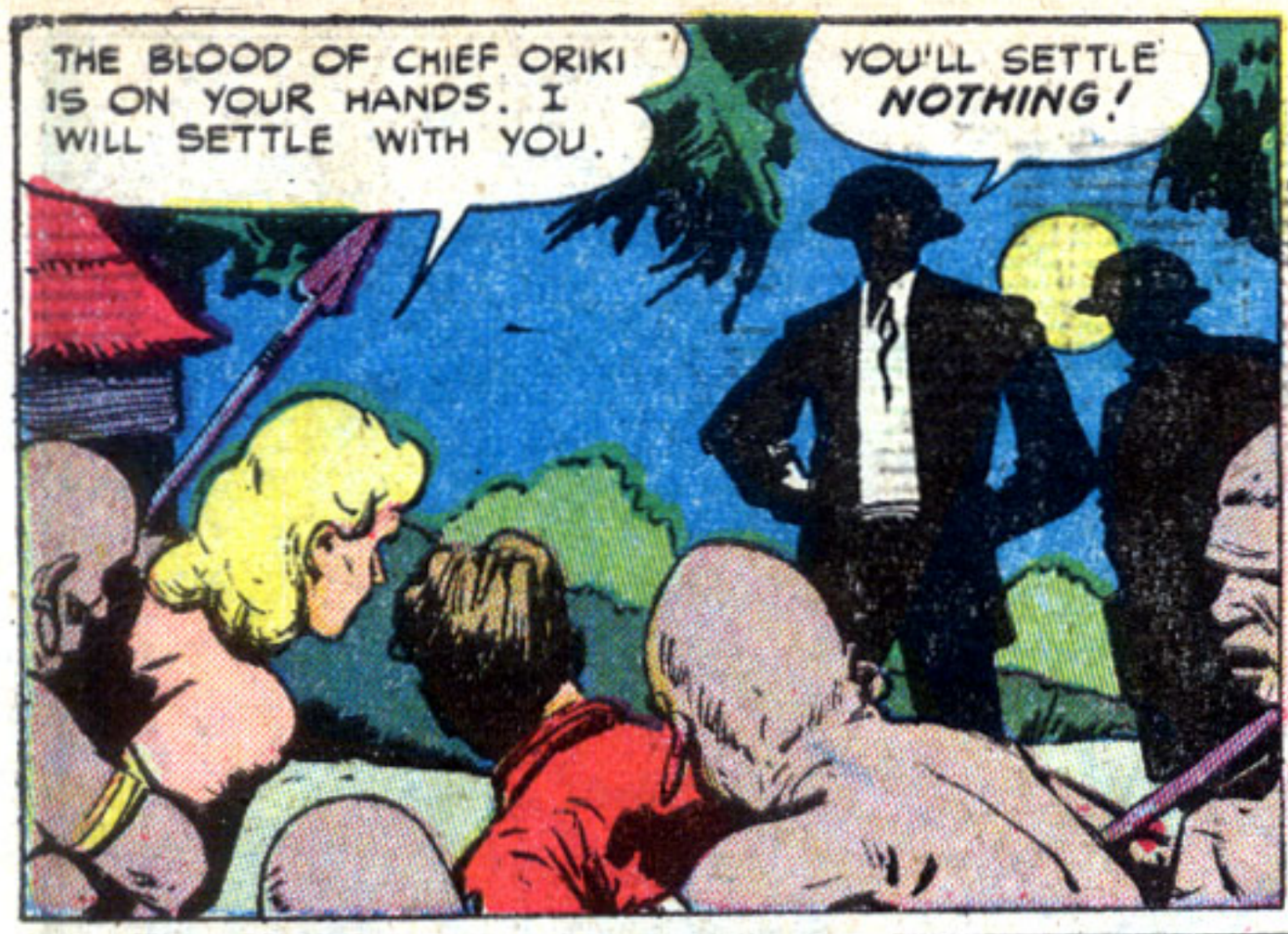


THAT EVENING TWO YORUBA NATIVES WAIT IN THE SHADOWS...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A BLOOD CHILLING SCREAM AWAKENS THE YORUBA VILLAGERS, AND...



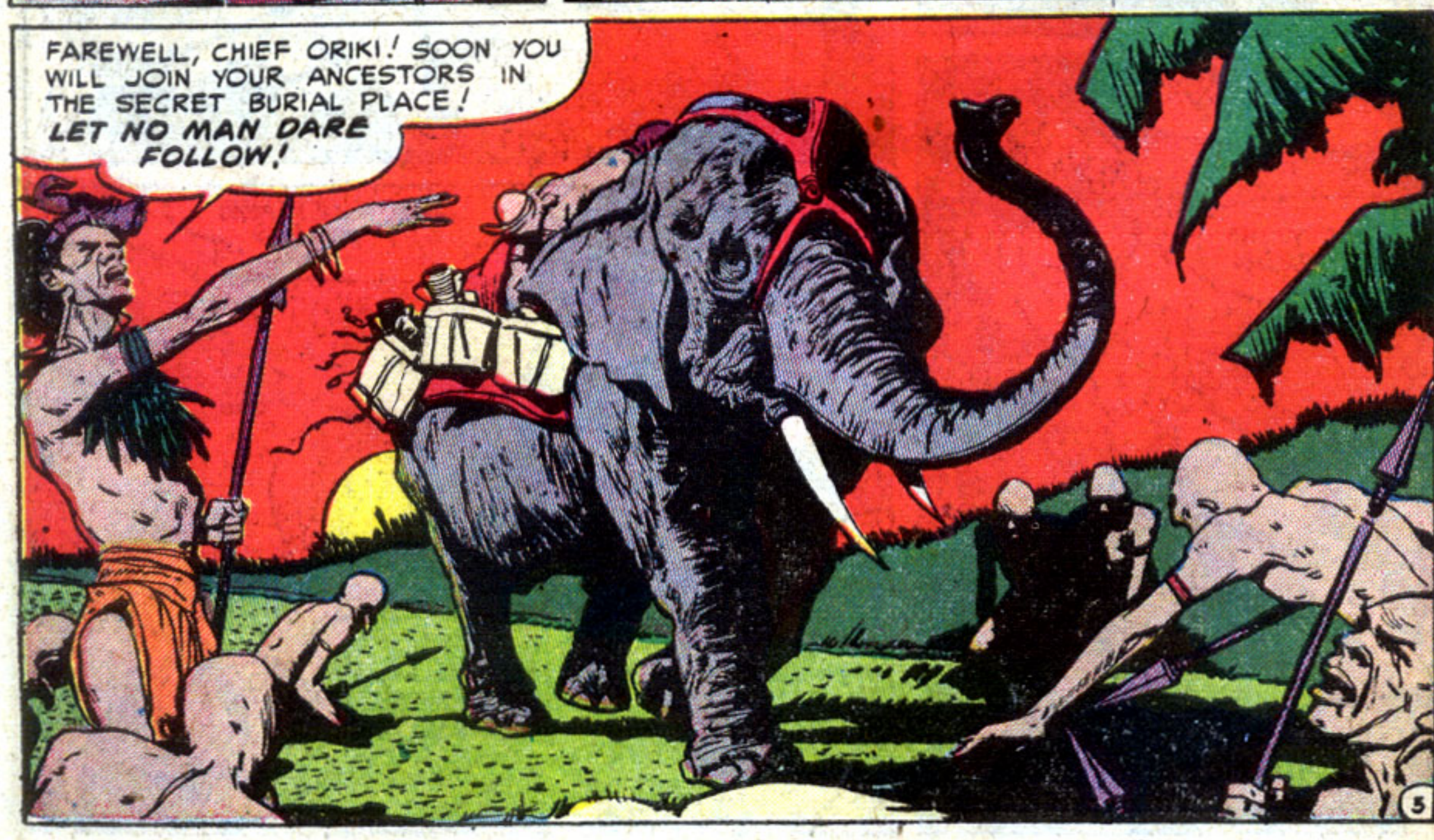



THE BLOOD OF CHIEF ORIKI IS ON YOUR HANDS. I WILL SETTLE WITH YOU.
YOU'LL SETTLE NOTHING!

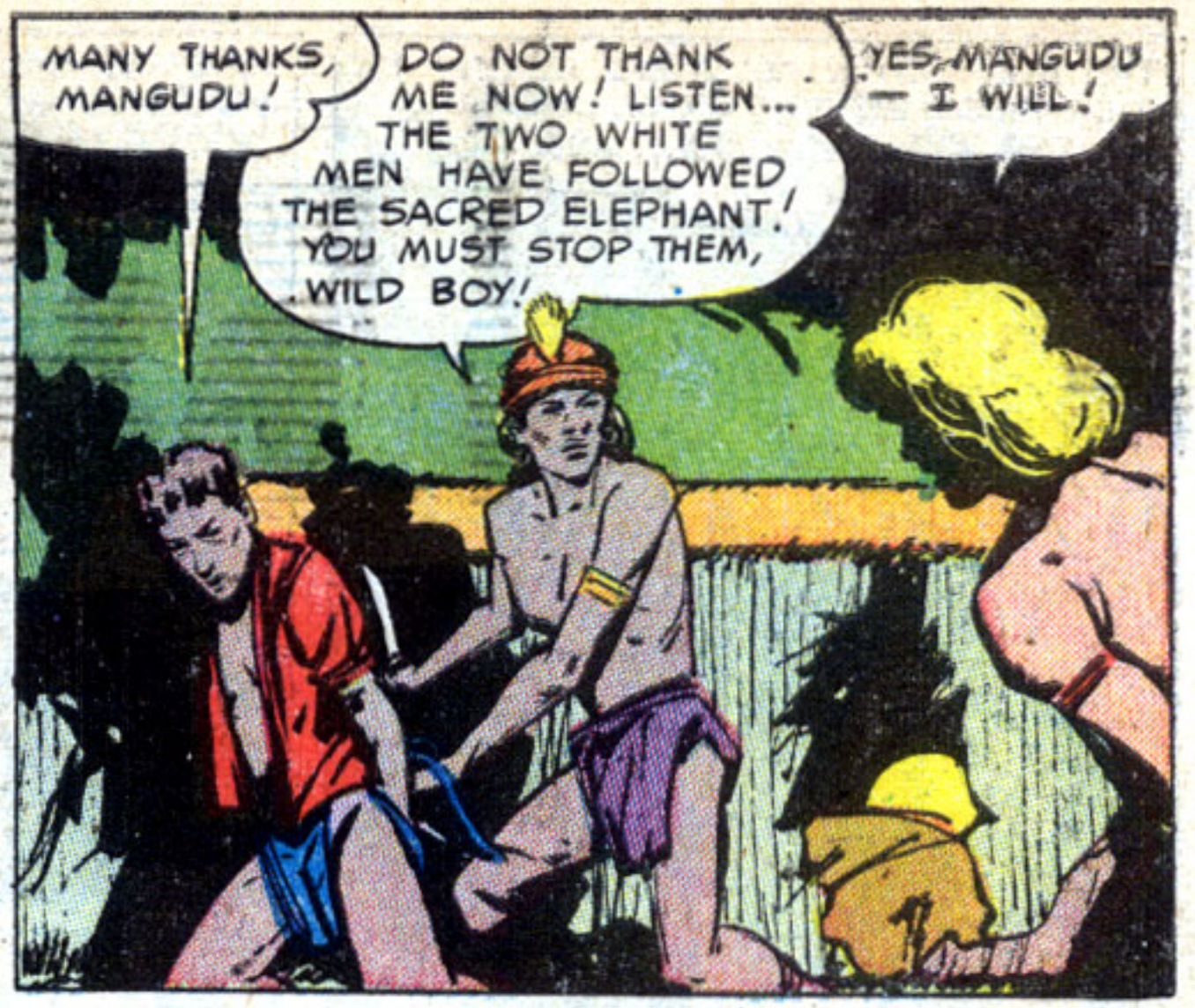
PUT THEM UNDER GUARD! WE'LL DEAL WITH THESE KILLERS AFTER THE CHIEF IS BURIED!
SLAP!

THE TIME HAS COME, YORUBA WARRIORS! CHIEF ORIKI MUST NOW JOIN HIS ANCESTORS. THE JOURNEY OF THE DEAD IS AT HAND! BRING IN THE SACRED ELEPHANT!

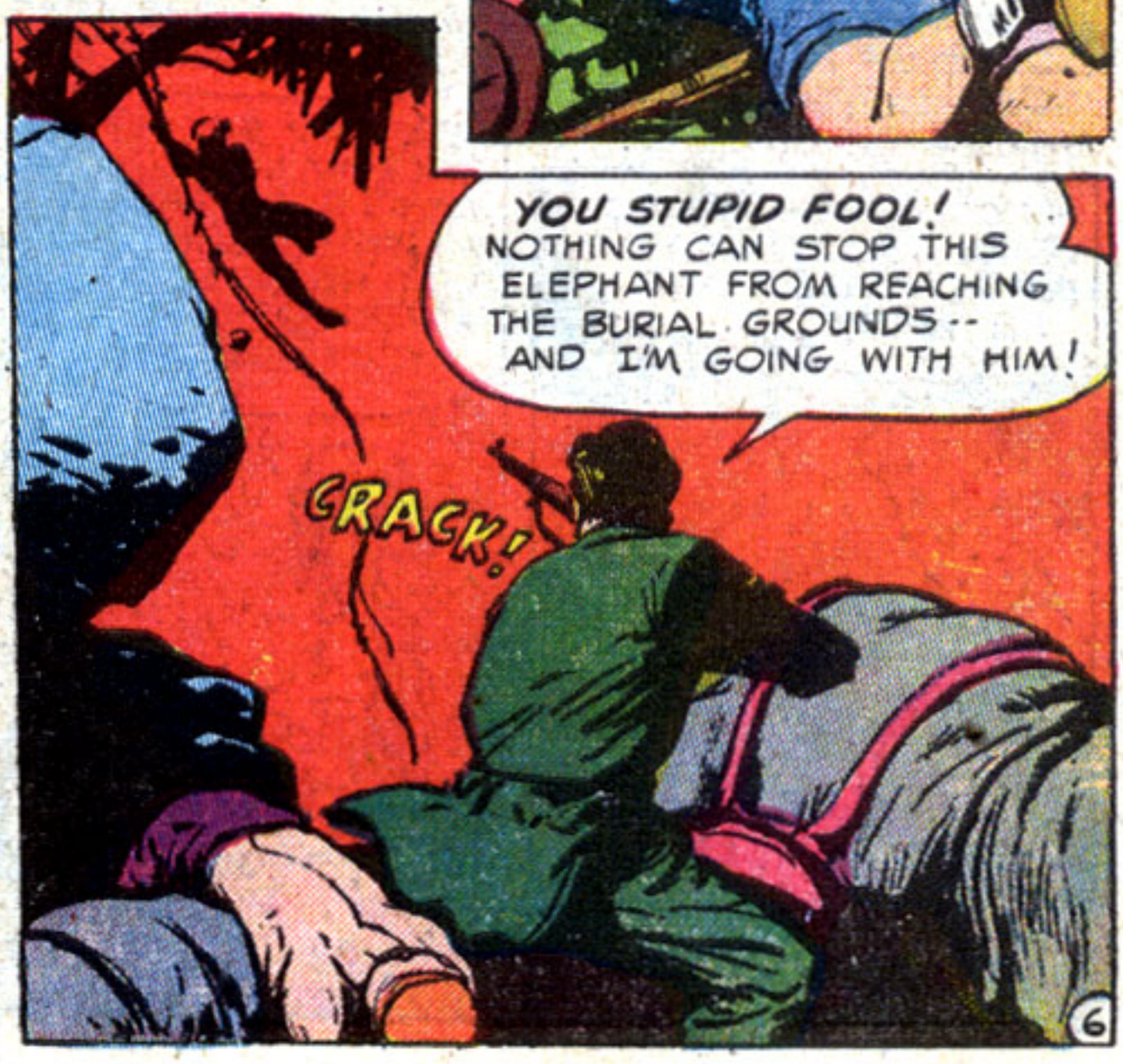
FORBES, LOOKIT THAT STUFF! IT'S A FORTUNE!
THERE'S A HUNDRED TIMES THAT WAITING AT THE END OF THE TRAIL — AND IT'S OURS!

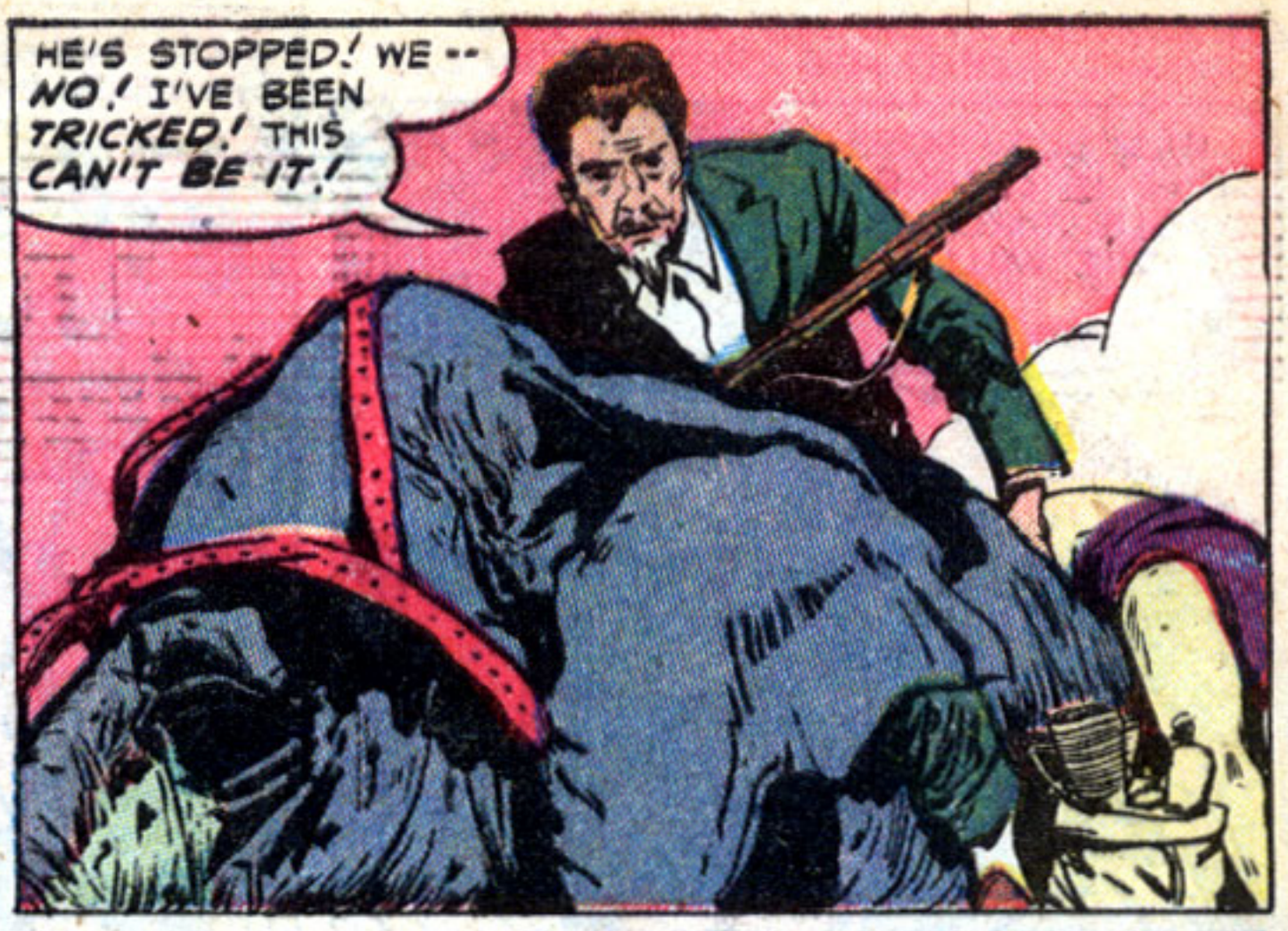

FAREWELL, CHIEF ORIKI! SOON YOU WILL JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS IN THE SECRET BURIAL PLACE! LET NO MAN DARE FOLLOW!

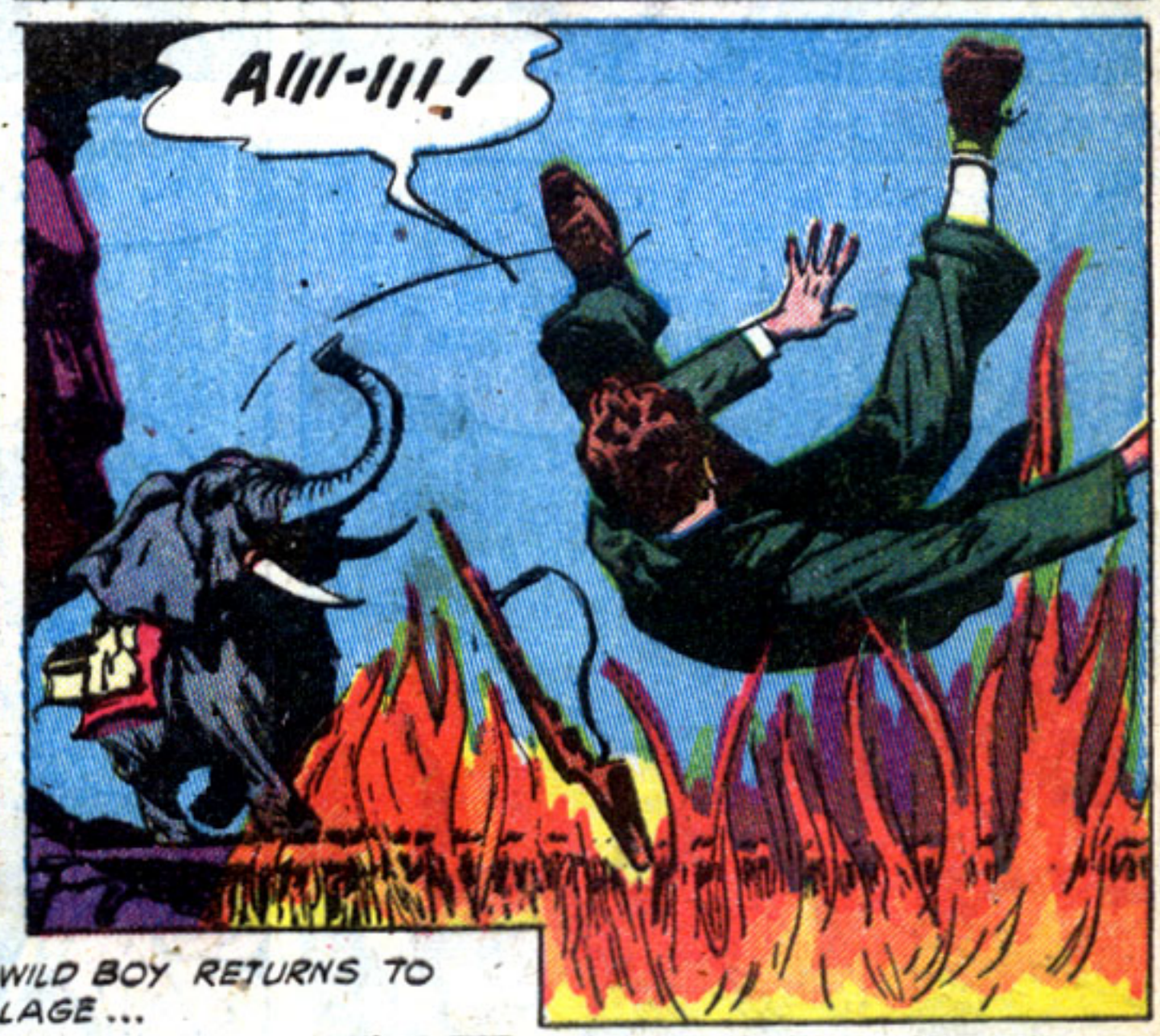
MEANWHILE, IN THE HUT WHERE WILD BOY AND KEETO ARE KEPT PRISONER...



MEANWHILE ALONG THE SECRET TRAIL...

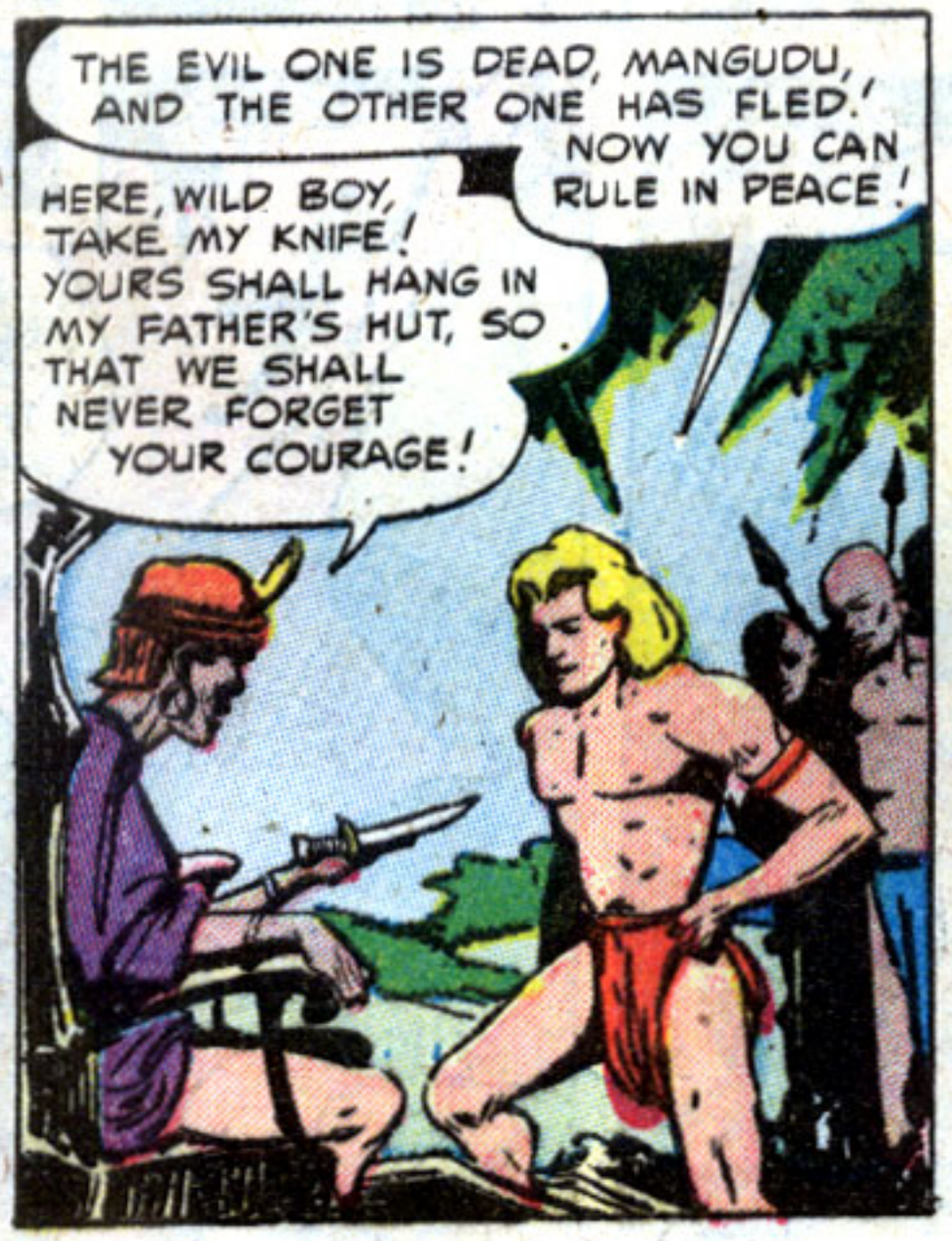






AND WHEN WILD BOY RETURNS TO YORUBA VILLAGE...

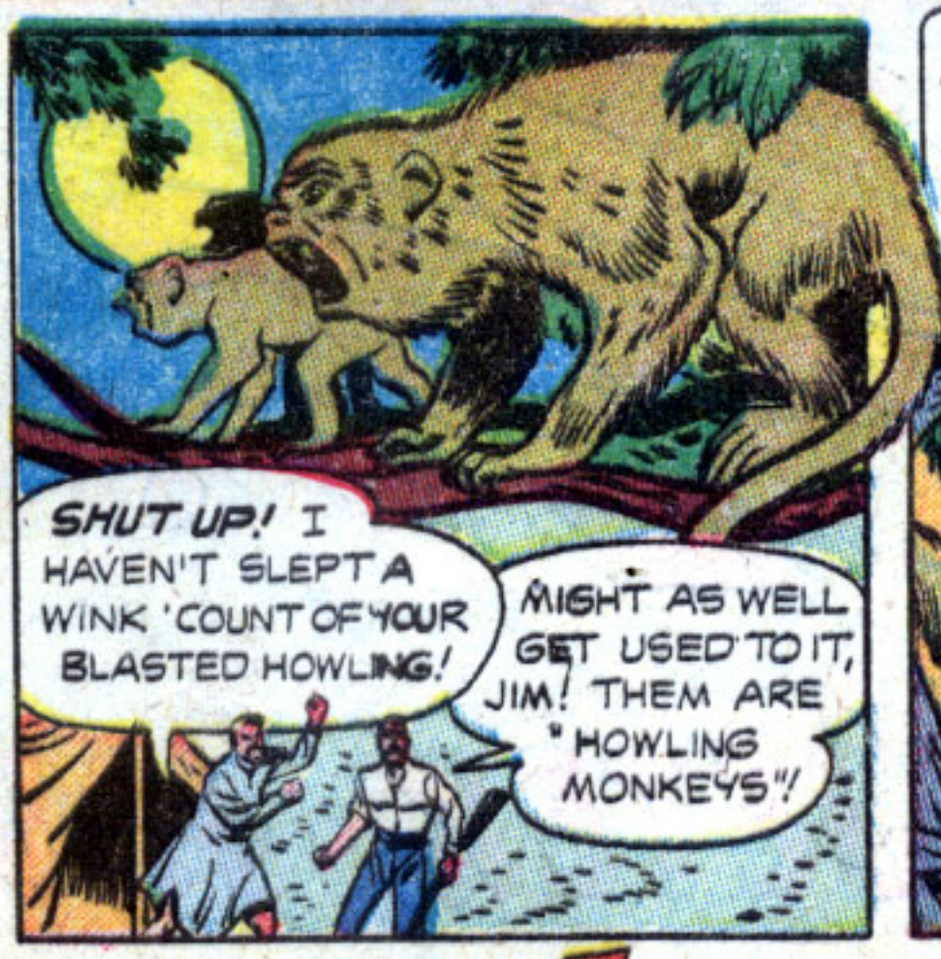
MOMENTS LATER, THE DEAD CHIEF AND HIS TREASURE FOLLOW FORBES INTO THE FLAMING PIT!



Frank Slade - ANIMAL TRAINER

"APES and MONKEYS"

MONKEYS COME FROM A DIFFERENT FAMILY OF PRIMATES THAN THE APES. THEY ARE FOUND FROM MEXICO TO SOUTH AMERICA, AND ALSO IN AFRICA AND ASIA. THE CHIEF PHYSICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN APES AND MONKEYS IS THAT MONKEYS HAVE A TAIL. THE "HOWLING MONKEYS" OF SOUTH AMERICA ARE THE BANE OF NATIVES AND EXPLORERS ALIKE...



THE APES ARE LARGER THAN MONKEYS AND LIVE FOR THE MOST PART ON THE GROUND. ON GILBRALTER, ENGLAND'S ROCK-RIBBED MEDITERRANEAN FORTRESS, THE BARBARY APES ARE CONSIDERED WARDS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND ARE PROTECTED, BECAUSE...

THE CHIMPANZEE, ABOUT FOUR FEET TALL, IS CONSIDERED BY MANY AUTHORITIES TO BE THE MOST INTELLIGENT JUNGLE BEAST...

THE ORANG-UTAN, WHICH MEANS "MAN OF THE WOODS" IN MALAYAN, STANDS ONLY FOUR-AND-ONE-HALF FEET HIGH, BUT HAS AN ARM SPREAD OF SEVEN-AND-ONE-HALF-FEET! IT IS FOUND CHIEFLY IN BORNEO AND SUMATRA...

BUT ONCE BEHIND BARS, THE APES AND MONKEYS QUICKLY BECOME RECONCILED TO CIVILIZED WAYS, AND THEY ARE ALWAYS BIG ATTRACTIONS IN THE ZOO.

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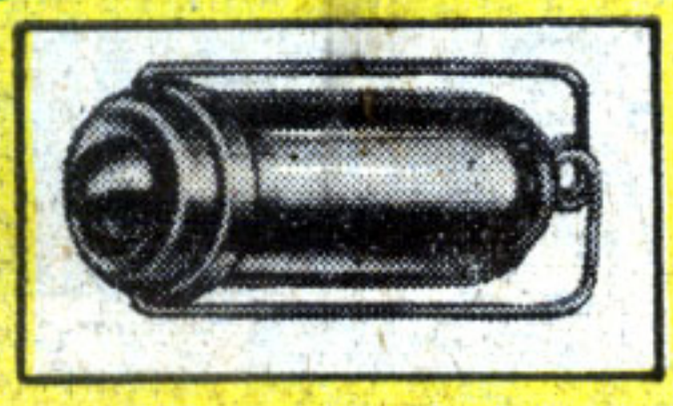

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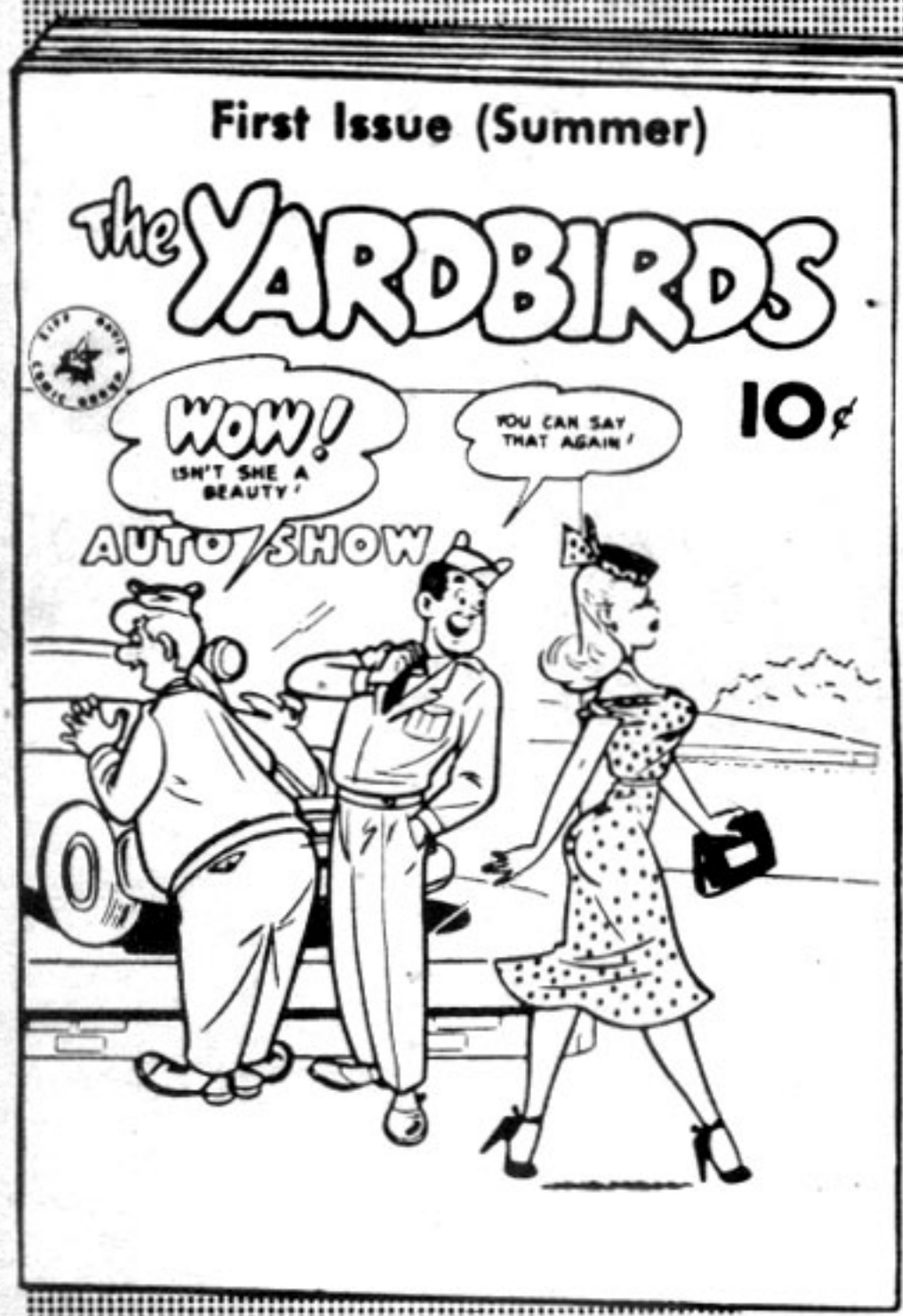

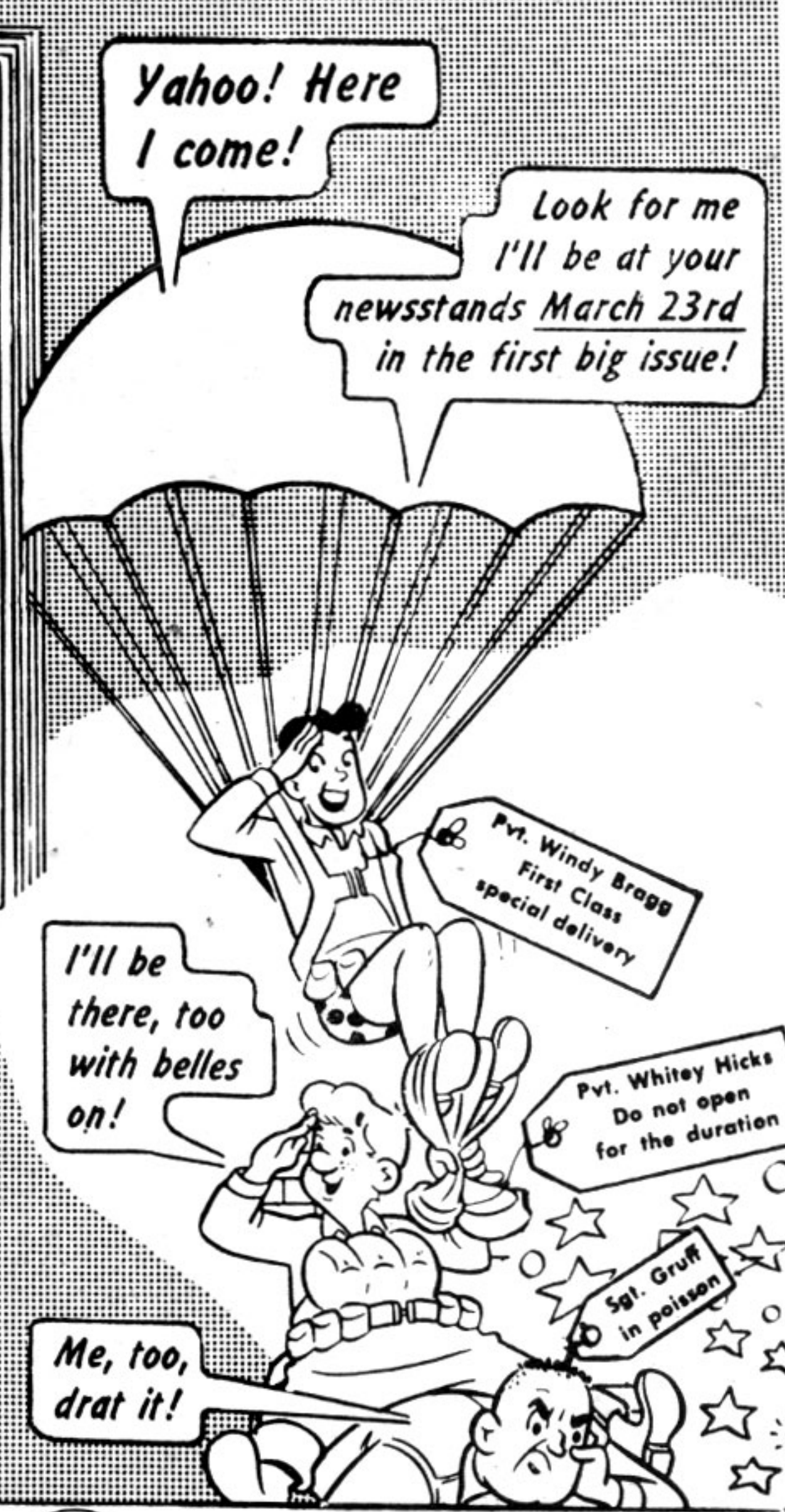

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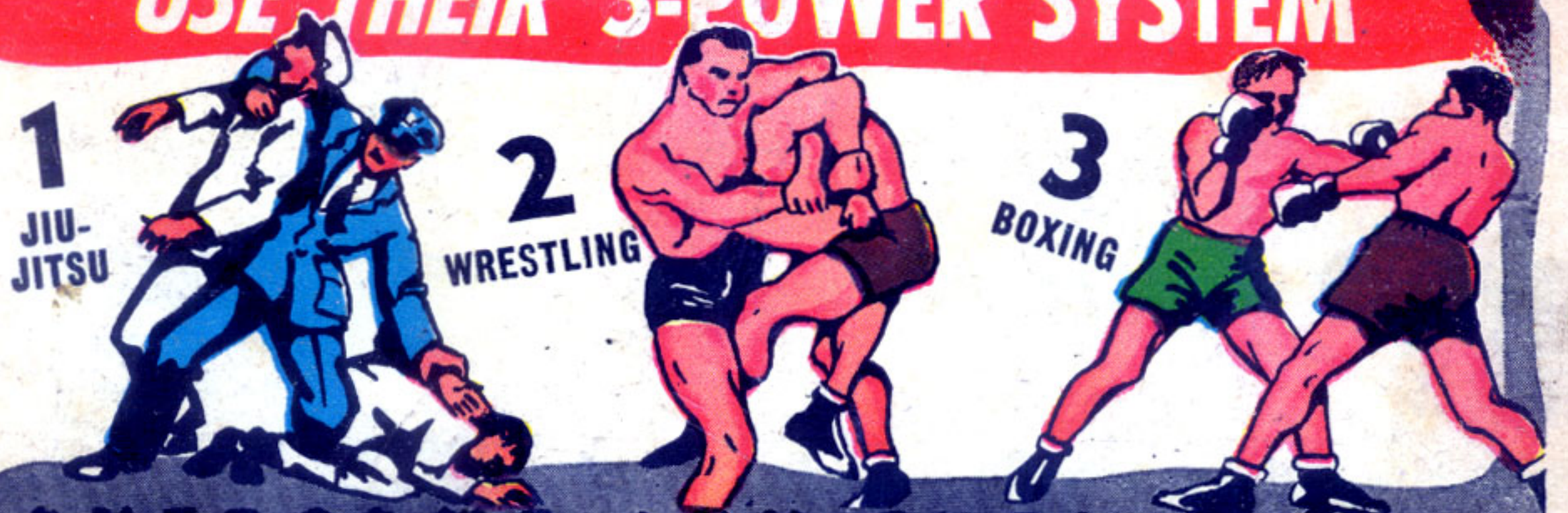

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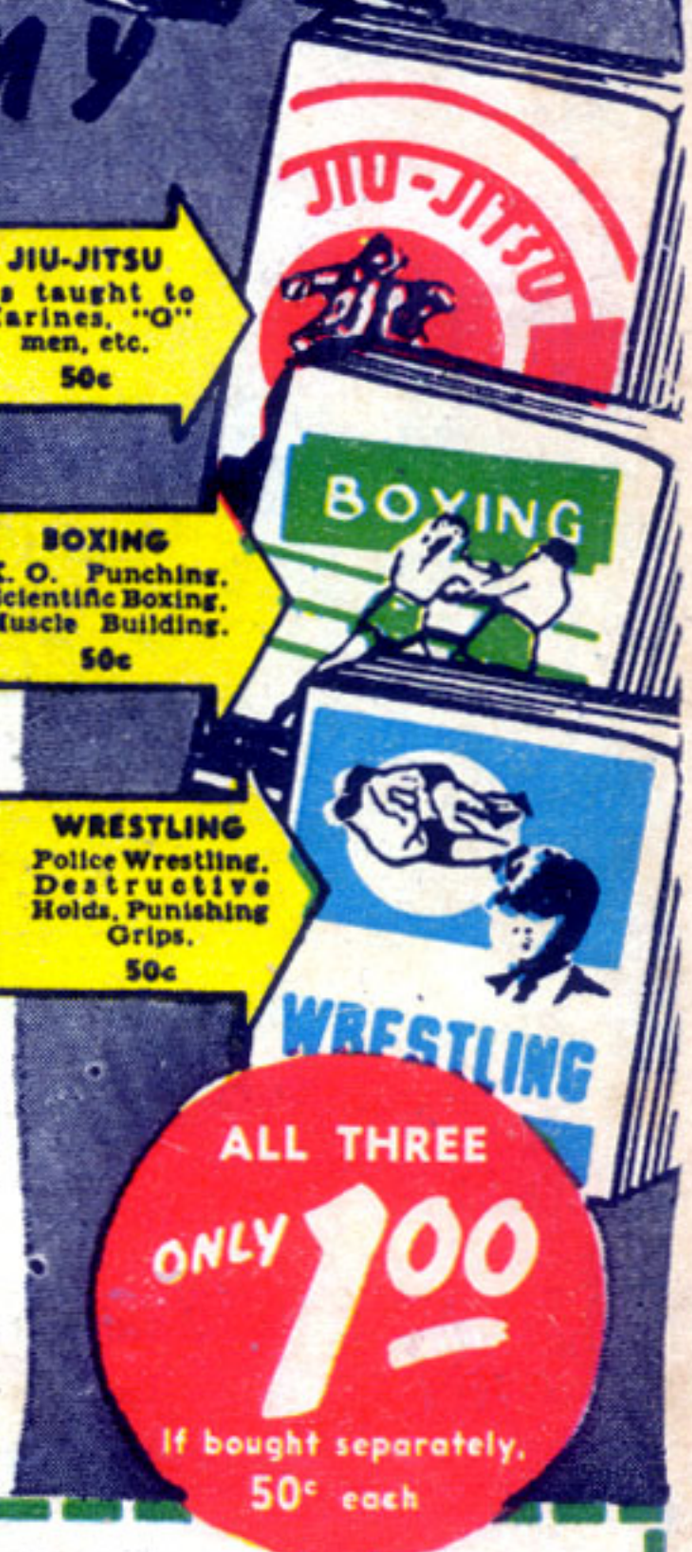

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